THE BYSTANDER
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DECEMBER 10, 1930

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

Read "MATING," by *URSULA BLOOM*, in this Number

The BYSTANDER

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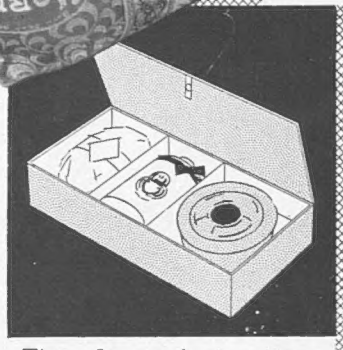

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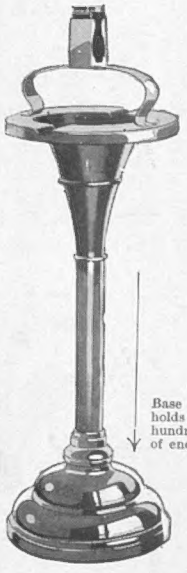

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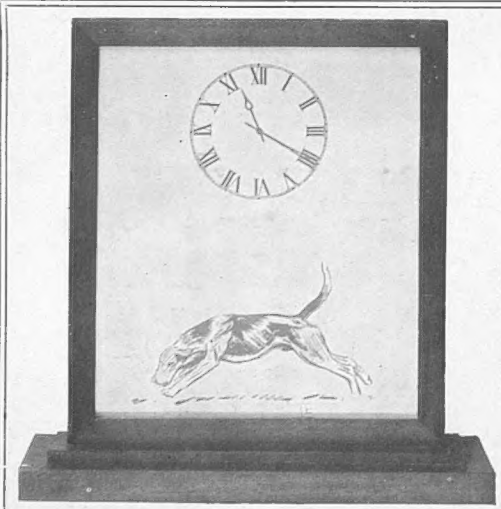

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32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON

The Bystander, December 10, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1408. Vol. CVIII

Peter North

THE HON. MRS. WILFRED EGERTON

One of the most beautiful women in Society to-day. Her husband, the youngest brother of the Earl of Ellesmere, served in the Royal Flying Corps, in which he commanded a wing, during the War

I.B.

ENGLAND'S COTTAGE INDUSTRIES

Miss Kitty Doncaster spinning at her weaving centre where the wool, obtained from a herd of Suffolk sheep, is woven into a great variety of materials, much of which is dyed in beautiful colours. This fast-dying industry might well be rejuvenated by instructing schoolchildren in the art of this old English craft

Sport and General

OVER THE STICKS AT NEWBURY

The field at the water-jump during the running of the Alfriston Selling Steeplechase at the recent Newbury meeting. It resulted in a victory for Capt. C. B. Petre's Cylvida (Stott up). Cylvida was a hot favourite, starting at 6 to 4 on

Alfieri

Lord Portman helping the Princesse de Chimay to mark her card at the Newbury 'chases. A large crowd was present at this popular meeting

The Passing Hour

THERE is no doubt about it, Mr. J. H. Thomas has used the word "'umbug" once too often. I deliberately drop the aitch because J. H. Thomas does it—just as deliberately, too. No Welshman—and Mr. Thomas comes from Cardiff—does this by mistake; he has far too musical an ear. You might as well expect a Scotsman to be unable to pronounce his r's.

Ill-Judged Jests

BUT this is digression. Mr. Thomas has been severely rapped over the knuckles by Mr. Bennett, the Canadian Premier, and he fully deserved it. He has been "asking for it," indeed, for years now with his facetiousness and ill-judged jests. If, as is often said, "Jim" Thomas is the main asset of the present Government, where geniality is scarce, it does not say very much for the capital value of the whole.

An Historic Parallel

THE astounding inability of the Socialists to realise the gravity of the Empire situation is really past belief. They seem as anxious to throw Canada and Australia

Keystone

The Hon. Luke White, the little son of Lord and Lady Annaly, in the Hussar uniform he loves to wear. He is seen leaving his home for a walk in the Park, complete in busby and dolman

MAURICE AND MOBBING

overboard as George III's ministers were to get rid of our American colonies in 1776. At least, our eighteenth-century politicians had no precedent, whereas our present-day gentleman have ample. In addition to this I hear that the Government have decided secretly to yield Dominion status to India, which practically means independence, and for this reason refused to accept the Simon Report or place Sir John Simon on the Commission, and for the same reason Sir John has proclaimed his independence in the Liberal Party.

Express Photos

His Highness Ibrim the Sultan of Johore's party at supper during the Ice Carnival held at Grosvenor House last week on behalf of the Empire Memorial Hostel Extension Fund for Sailors. Included in the group are Lady Furness, Sir George and Lady Penny, Miss Gayer, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe and the Sultan and Sultana of Johore

L.N.A.

"THREE AMERICAN YOBS"

As Miss Ilse Longe (left), Mrs. Bernard Bearman and Mrs. James Harris, seen above, called themselves at the Ice Carnival in aid of the Empire Memorial Hostel Etension Fund for Sailors

Sasha

Miss Vivi-Anne Hulten, the Lady Champion of Sweden and Gold Medallist, N.S.A., on the ice. She gave an exhibition of Free skating at the Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House in aid of the Empire Memorial Extension Fund

Two Hints to Chevalier

AFTER the first performance at the Dominion Theatre Maurice Chevalier went on to the now-famous party at the May Fair, where he danced with Lady Louis Mountbatten; and Michael Arlen, Lord Westmorland, Lord Sefton, Sophie Tucker, Sir Francis Towle, Lady Butt, Clifford Whitley and Elsa Macfarlane were all at the same table. He went to the Kit-Cat, where the guests just stood up and clapped for about three minutes on end. He went to *Follow a Star*. Wherever he has gone he has been nearly mobbed to death, poor fellow! I have only two things against him: he ought to weigh about ten pounds less and he ought to buy a new dinner jacket.

Charlie Chaplin's Plans

THIS brings me to Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin is definitely coming to London next February. He would have arrived before, but he wants

PLAYWRIGHTS AND THE TALKIES

Another photograph taken at the Empire Memorial Hostel Extension Fund Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House. Members of Lady Marjorie Dalrymple-Hamilton's party seen above include: Miss Combe, Mr. Vereker, Miss Vesey, Lieut.-Colonel Dalrymple-Hamilton, Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley, Lieut.-Colonel E. Coke, Lady Max-Muller, Mr. Roger Coke, Lady Jean Dalrymple, Lieut.-Colonel A. Penn, Lady Marjorie Hamilton, Sir William Max-Muller, Lady Cicely Vesey and Lady Airlie

SOCIETY GIRLS SELLING FAVOURS Lenare

The Misses Patricia Torrens, Mary Cheston, Pauline Gower and Cassandra Coke, who are selling programmes at the Ice Hockey Match and Ball in aid of the Young Conservatives' Union. It will take place to-morrow (Thursday) at Grosvenor House

to time his arrival with the production over here of his film, "City Lights." Unfortunately, Chaplin took such a long time filming it and re-filming it that all the women's fashions changed and had to be altered to bring them up to date. The expense must have been tremendous. But in Hollywood they do not mind about that. Not long ago the Metro-Goldwyn people were dissatisfied with the first part of Frederick Lonsdale's new film, in which John Gilbert is starring. They had spent £25,000 on it, but began all over again with a smile.

Pelf for a Plot

SAMUEL GOLDWYN himself is arriving in London. He has come over here to look for dramatists and plots. His company alone has to have 67 complete plots a year to keep going, and there is only a limited number of plots in existence. So dramatists and authors are at a premium. They can even insist on being paid on a royalty basis instead of with a flat sum, as before. Lonsdale was saying the other day that almost anyone might strike lucky and never have to do another stroke of work in his or her life again. All that is necessary is to have one successful plot taken by a big Hollywood firm.

Busy Theatres

LAST week's social happenings were almost completely dominated by theatrical first nights. Everyone was giving parties for them. Apart from the Chevalier first night there were *Ever Green* and *Wonder Bar*. It is too early to prophesy much about either of the latter two, but I should judge that their novelty will bring them success.

An Informal Party

THERE was novelty, too, last week at the Londonderrys' informal party, at which the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Marie Louise, and Princess Helena Victoria, not to

MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER

Who is organising her fourth annual Pageant Ball in aid of St. John's Hospital, Lewisham. This year it is named the Eclipse Ball and will include a pageant of A Thousand and One Lights, in which sixty well-known Society women will take part. It will be held at the Park Lane Hotel next Wednesday, December 17

A "STERN AND WILD" TONGUE

mention Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, were all present and listened to Father John Macmillan, of Barra, and Miss Leonora MacAra singing and intoning Gaelic songs.

An Astonishing Language

GAELIC in the hands, or rather the mouth, of an expert is certainly an astonishing language. It sounds like a cross between Serbian and a sore throat. Here is the programme, which lasted for more than two hours:

An Fhideag Airgid
(The Silver Whistle).

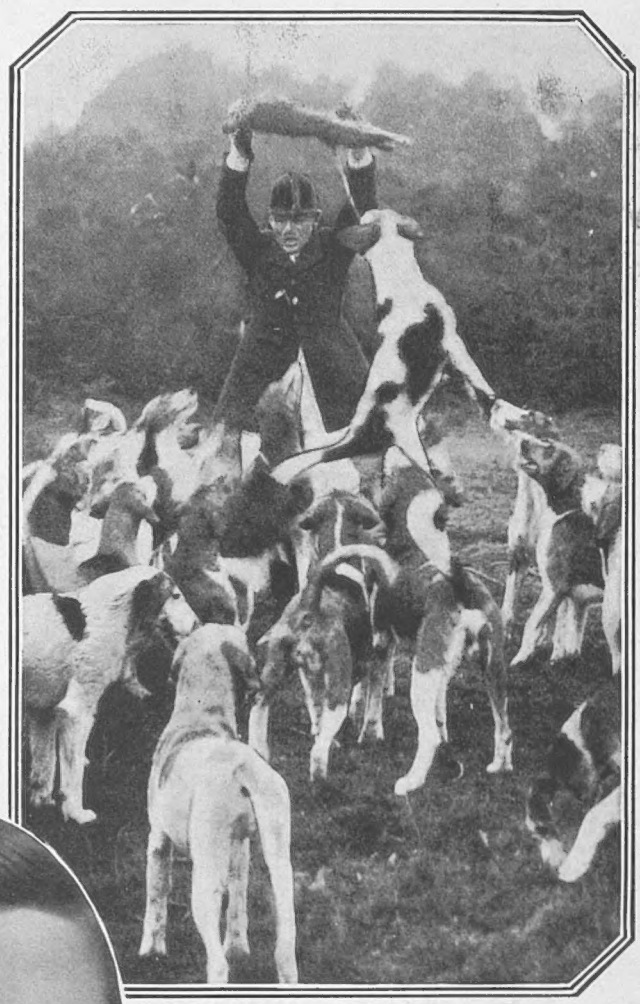
Muladach
(Sorrowful here am I).

An Loinid
(Song of the Frothstick).

Oran Peigi (Peggy's Song).

Oran Moraig (Song of Morag).

Alasdair Macolla
(Little Alexander).



Topical

Capt. Selby-Lowndes, the Master, tossing a fox to hounds after a kill following the opening meet of the Royal Artillery, Bordon, pack Hounds killed in the gorse near the station

Failte Bharraidh
(The Exile's Return).

Somhairle Macraoghail ic Ruairidh
(Somerled).

Londonderry Air and Scottish Songs,
Miss MacAra.

Selections from Third and Fourth Volumes, Father John Macmillan.

A Dhia Cuidich An Righ,
God Save the King.

Riviera Sunshine

FROM all around come stories of gales, floods, rain and cold, while here, on this Riviera coast, we still bask in summer sunshine and golf is only possible in the thinnest of clothes, writes our Riviera correspondent. In fact, I was at a lunch party recently which commenced on the terrace, but we were forced indoors by too hot a sun and a vast quantity of flies. Consequently it is hardly surprising that more people are arriving every day and that the season is about to begin in earnest.

At Cannes the Casino des Ambassadeurs has opened its restaurant, and there is dancing to Billy Arnold's band, while the gambling rooms await those who cannot escape the lure of the green cloth. The Palais de La Mediterranée in Nice has already had a most successful gala, when the newspaper *L'Eclaireur* gave prizes for the best dresses made from its papers. The result was some astonishingly artistic costumes, and from the self-confident expressions and movements of the mannequins I gather paper is a safer dress material than I had imagined.

Entertainments at Monte

AT Monte Carlo the famous galas at the Hotel de Paris have begun, while the Ambassadeurs Restaurant at the Hotel Metropole promises many various attractions for the season. In a short time the English players are producing several plays at the theatre, among their programme being *On the Spot*, by Edgar Wallace, and Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man*, which certainly denotes a catholicity of taste and versatility of acting

Lenare

MISS DOROTHY BEECHCROFT LACON

The daughter of Lady Lacon, of Sonning, and of the late Sir E. Beechcroft Lacon, Bt., whose engagement to Mr. Robert Ropner has been announced. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ropner and a grandson of the late Sir Robert Ropner, Bt.

A group of followers, including Lady Middleton, hunted by Colo

NEWS FROM THE CÔTE D'AZUR

Sport and General

...field moving off from a meet of the Pytchley at Creaton, near Northampton. ...ting takes place on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, and the hunt numbers sixty couples of hounds

on their part. Sir Edward and Lady de Frece are back in their flat at the Park Palace, the latter looking extraordinarily well after her serious illness of last year. Sir Herbert and Lady Mansfield are also staying in Monte Carlo at present.

Dressed Regardless

THERE is a story that a few years ago Sean O'Casey, the Irish dramatist, was refused admittance to a house where he was to be the lion of the evening because the butler did not recognise him in his shabby clothes. But that was in the days when O'Casey had no money. Since the success of his various plays in England and Ireland most of the guests at Londonderry House were somewhat surprised when he arrived in a brown jumper and nondescript suit when every other man was wearing a white tie. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who is always at Londonderry House whenever I go there, was one of the few people who talked to him.

Lady Malcolm's Loss

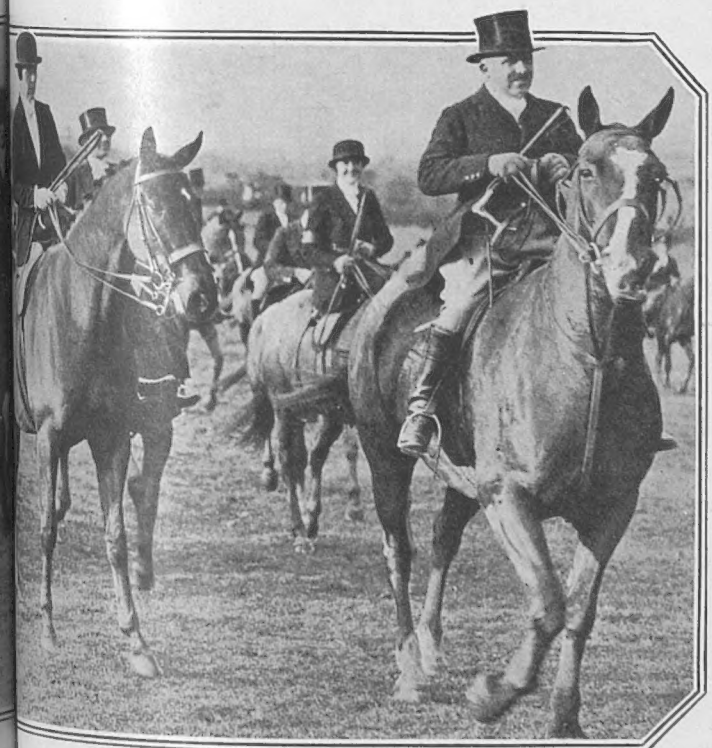
IN addition to the Premier, the members of the Royal Family and Sean O'Casey there were Cora Lady Strafford, Ada May, Lady Malcolm, Mrs. C. B. Cochran, in fact, a most amusing pot-pourri of guests. Poor Lady Malcolm has recovered none of her jewellery that was stolen on the night of the Servants' Ball, although Admiral Royds and Sir Trevor Bigham and other bigwigs of the Yard have been visiting her.

Central Press

Lady Rosebery enjoying a joke at a meet of the Whaddon Chase at Stewkley. Her husband, the Earl of Rosebery, took over the Mastership of this famous pack in 1923

Taken In!

FINGER print experts came round and observed the "horrible" surface when they saw the lovely Provençal furniture in Lady Malcolm's house. They wanted to see some nice, new, highly varnished surface on which finger prints would be easily recognisable. Lady Malcolm had one laugh over it all. The thieves stole several shillings worth of Woolworth jewellery evidently imagining that it was priceless. They must have felt silly when they tried to sell it to their "fence." Lady Malcolm, by the way, had a charming letter from the Queen, written in her own handwriting, commiserating with her on her loss.



Central News

...Middleton held at Leppington, near Malton. This popular Yorkshire pack is ...D.S.O., who took over the Mastership in 1921

Up Guards and At 'Em!

I ALWAYS knew that the Prince of Wales set fashions for Americans, who regard him

THE PRINCE AND THE PHOTOGRAPHERS

G.P.U.

A line-out in the match between Cambridge and J. E. Greenwood's XV on the University ground. Played a short time before the Varsity match, it resulted in a win for the visitors by 20 points to 16. The Light Blues, with the imminence of the Twickenham game before them, were careful to take no unnecessary risks

alone in Fifth Avenue have sold in three months no fewer than five hundred dozen of the blue and red Guards ties simply because the Prince of Wales was seen in one. As the ties are made by the diminishing colony of silk workers at Spitalfields, however, there is something to be said for the craze.

Fashion Photographers

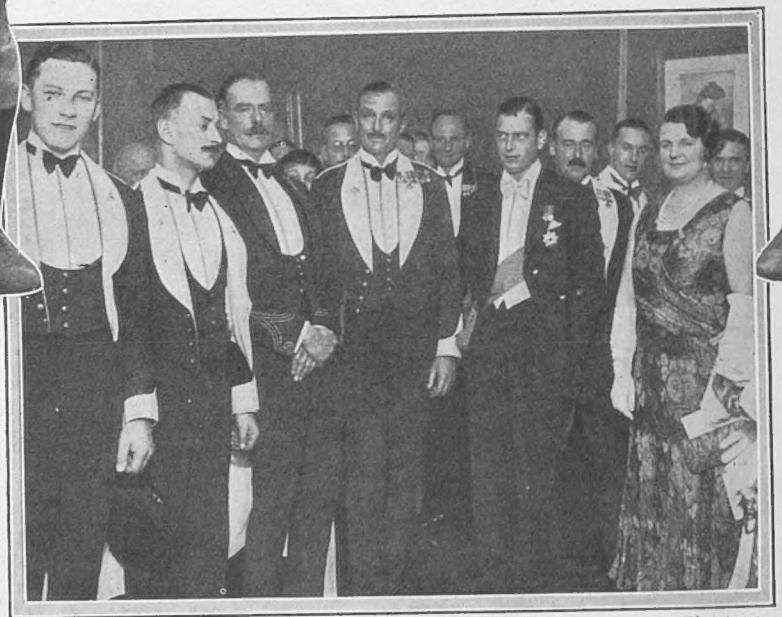
WHENEVER the Prince of Wales is seen in public he is photographed from every possible angle for the benefit of the American men's wear trade papers. Cables are sent that night describing his clothes, and the photographs follow on the next boat. Nearly two million yards of a yellow material were,

R. S. Crisp

J. J. EMBLETON

Who skippered the Light Blues in the Varsity match at Twickenham last Tuesday. He is a St. Paul's and Caius man

as the "arbiter elegantiarum" in men's clothes. But it was not until recently that I heard some of the figures. Officers in the Brigade of Guards will shudder to hear that one store



WITH THE TERRITORIALS Photopress

Prince George recently attended the Headquarters of the 23rd London Regiment at St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction, where he presented prizes. He is seen with Colonel R. E. K. Leatham, D.S.O., of the Welsh Guards, and the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. O. Whiteley, O.B.E., T.D., and officers of the regiment

R. S. Crisp

THE OXFORD CAPTAIN

S. J. Hoffmeyr (Cape Town and University) suffered slight concussion a short time before the Varsity match. He had eight new Blues in the team which met Cambridge

only a very short time ago, sold as a result of the Prince having been seen in the hunting field wearing a shirt of it.

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

The National Hunt Season has had a flying start!

With reasonable luck with the weather we are in for a record season. Many good horses that have shown up well on the flat have been introduced to the sticks, thus making the events more open and interesting.

We will remain faithful to our system and confidently hope to have a profitable season.

AFRIKANDER is due for promotion. Stuck very gamely to Pamperer at Kempton. Has finished second in last two races, and I suggest he be followed for a small steeplechase over two and a half or three miles.

MIDDLE AGES is a long-striding and progressive young 'chaser. Will win when strongly handled. Was well backed at Kempton.

BLARIS must be given another chance. The books would have had a bad time if he had won at Birmingham. Too much weight.

BURGLAR will win again. Possesses speed out of the ordinary in a hurdler.

PARSONS WELL has improved with every outing. Won easily at Kempton. Follow winning form in the early days of the jumping season.

BATTLESHAFT has been tackling a class a little above him in his recent races, but has not been disgraced.

Fair Isle Grateful

A SIMILAR number of yards of a material, the colour of which was described as Balmoral blue, has been sold this year because it is the same colour as the glengarries of the Royal beaters and is also worn by the Duke of Portland. And everyone knows how the Fair Isle weaving industry was entirely put on its legs a few years ago because the Prince appeared in a jumper which was made there.

The Fishing Brigade

THE winter season has now begun in Cairo, where the Welsh Guards have now been displaced by the Grenadiers. The departure of the latter the other day means the disappearance from London's supper crowds of a number of well-known faces. Meantime I hear of an increasing number of young ladies who are going out to Egypt in January, February and March. "The Fishing Brigade" is the unkind name that was given to them years ago. I won't go into that, but it is astonishing how many officers who have survived several London seasons unscathed get engaged and married in Cairo. The Egyptian moon seen in the neighbourhood of Mena House is a very insidious thing, and it would seem that the much-quoted phrase, "The lure of Old Egypt," is fully justified when one thinks of the large numbers of people—and not all young ones, either—who fall beneath its spell every year, even though they walk as warily as Agag.

COMING EVENTS

DECEMBER 15

Charity Performance of "Paddy the Next Best Thing" by the Celtic Players, at the New Scala Theatre, in aid of the Lambeth Housing Movement. Details regarding tickets and the Society's work can be had from the Hon. Organising Secretary, Mr. C. O. Stanley, 45, Mayfair Court, Piccadilly, W.1.

Topical

Mr. Harold Heath, the son of Mr. G. W. Heath, of Birmingham, the well-known motor distributor, and his bride, Miss Doris Monk, after their wedding at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. The bride is the secretary of Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., the world-famous motor distributing firm

DECEMBER 17

The Eclipse Ball, at Park Lane Hotel, in aid of St. John's Hospital, Lewisham, under the patronage of H.R.H. Prince George. Midnight Pageant of "A Thousand and One Lights"; Embassy Band. Tickets £2: 2: 0 each (£10: 10: 0 book of six), including supper, from all agencies, the Secretary to the Hospital, Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger, 37, Montagu St., W.1, or Miss Ellaline Macey, 42, The Manor House, N.W.1.

I.B.

Lieutenant H. C. Browne, R.N., and Miss Nesta Hitchcock leaving St. John's, Paddington, after their wedding. The bridegroom is the well-known Rugby player, who has represented the Royal Navy and Ireland in many matches

Lenare

MRS. R. P. FREEMAN-TAYLOR

Formerly Miss Leonora Williamson, whose marriage to Mr. R. P. Freeman-Taylor took place at All Souls, Ennismore Gardens, on December 6. She was given away by her step-father, Mr. E. T. Scarisbrook, and the reception was held at the Hyde Park Hotel

FLYING NOTES

Central Press

A study in contrasts at the International Aviation Exhibition in Paris. On the left is seen the great Bleriot flying boat with a tiny 'plane under its wings, and on the right is one of the new Red Cross monoplanes

BRITISH 'PLANES STILL LEAD THE WORLD

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Paris Salon

An excuse to visit Paris is always useful, and therefore I am more than sorry to record that the International Aviation Exhibition, now being held for the twelfth time at the Grand Palais, is of practically no importance as far as the private owner from home is concerned. Apart from the Moths, which we know so well, Arens Controls, Chance's lighting equipment, and Boulton and Paul's metal wing construction for light aeroplanes, which can be studied to greater advantage over here, there is nothing of striking interest. Lest this should be misunderstood let me hasten to add that there are naval, military, and medium size commercial machines in large numbers, many of which have ingenious features to intrigue the technical mind. I should say that several of the new French machines are unlikely to get beyond the experimental stage, although the Breguet, with fuselage and lower wing built round two metal girders in the shape of a cross, is a noteworthy advance towards simplified construction. It would be a misnomer to describe the Salon as international. There is a Bristol Bulldog and an Atlas from Armstrong Whitworth, a small edition of the Dornier DO.X from Germany, a Fokker from Holland, and an all-metal fighter from Poland; otherwise everything is very French. The dozen or so of the more enterprising British firms who have exhibited are scattered all over a vast building, which is probably the result of a successful attempt to divert interest from an active competitor. Recent orders from the Baltic States, Greece and Belgium for large numbers of British military aircraft are a tribute to our superiority in design, and after visiting the Salon, I can say without fear of contradiction that we are ahead of our nearest neighbours by at least three years as regards "Service" types, and in the light 'plane class we still lead the world.

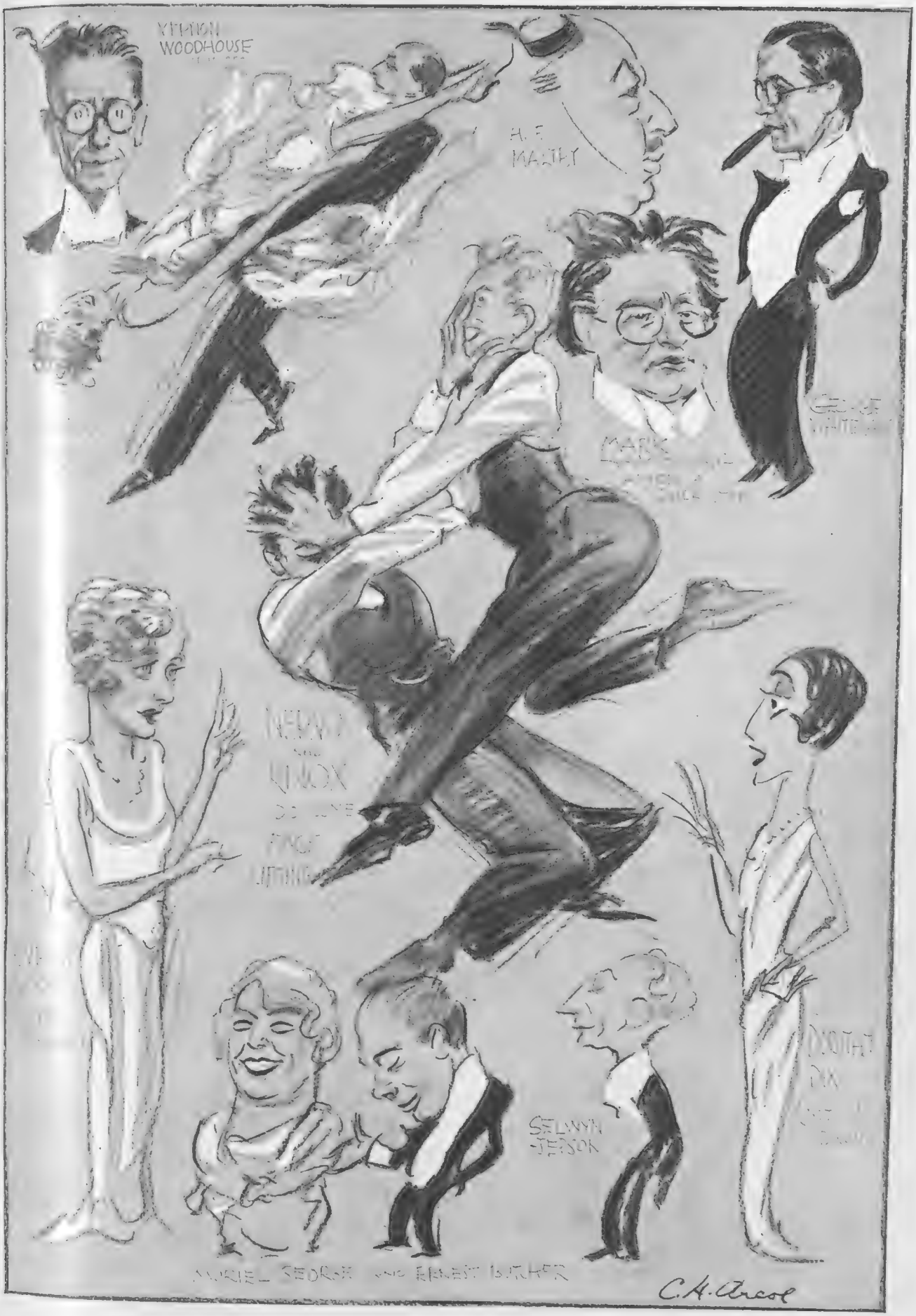
A Moth Plot

That the British light aeroplane excites envy as well as admiration was obvious from the arrangement of Moths on the Morane Saulnier stand. The sequence of events was rather amusing. Not content with crowding a French-built Gipsy Moth against the door without any placard as to its type, the exhibition authorities camouflaged the Puss Moth with a tub of palms so that its country of origin could not be seen. The machine was much too attractive to remain unnoticed for very long, and their annoyance when the sign "Vendu" was hoisted on the first day took the form of forbidding the buyer, a well-known French sportsman, from flying it in France. No doubt he will find means of short-circuiting the official ban, which was conceived in haste and is unlikely to be enforced, but there will be more difficulty in explaining why the national hero, Costes, is also in the market for a Puss Moth.

Friends in the House

The Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, a noted amateur boxer and a good aeroplane pilot, has won his latest fight, that for a seat in the House of Commons, where he will be a welcome addition to the small band of those who can deal intelligently with aviation policy and problems by reason of their up-to-date experience. Amongst others are Captain H. H. Balfour, M.C., and Mr. Lindsay Everard.

Modes for 1931

Both the Gipsy Moth and the Puss are being fitted with Doughnut type wide track tyres in the New Year, as these have been found to absorb landing shocks much better than the normal tyre, and furthermore, they are quite safe on the roughest of aerodromes, there being no risk from bursts or punctures. The price range of the Avian as marketed by Henlys is from £695 for the wooden model with a Gipsy I engine to £875 for the Sports with a Gipsy II. The latter has doors to both cockpits, an improved windscreen for bad-weather flying and an efficient silencer. The Gipsy Bluebird gets full marks for its performance in the hands of the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, who left Heston at the end of September, and arrived safely in Tokio two months later. This is the second long-distance flight to the credit of the Bluebird, the first being that of Squadron-Leader Slatter to South Africa on the original metal machine; and it should dispose of any doubts as to the suitability of a "side by sider" for solo flying. The 1931 model is assured of good service arrangements from Auto Auctions. The Robinson Redwing, also with seats side by side, has had its C. of A. increased to 1,450 lbs. for normal flying, and should be an attractive proposition for the private owner who wants something cheap at £575 which is also economical to run. The Spartan now sells at £745 with a Hermes engine and £795 with a Gipsy. Being a two to three seater it is a useful machine for clubs which rely on joy-riding as well as instruction for funds. It is being used on skis and floats as well as wheels.

C. H. Arcol

SAVAGES AT PLAY

From their wigwam in Adelphi Came the Savage Club in war paint To the rooms that men called Wharncliff There to dance and make a feasting (Fire-water we won't mention). Dance and feast with squaws in plenty To enjoy an entertainment Staged upon the floor of dancing. Some of those who there were present Honouring the great god Whoo Pee Are here pictured by our artist. He has since been scalped with gusto!

AT THE PLAY

Ninon-de-Lys (Heather Thatcher), a cabaret star with twinkling feet, whose attractiveness causes Tyldesley Pye (W. H. Berry), a pillar of provincial purity, to forget his self-imposed mission in life

PRODUCTIONS GAY

By Vernon Woodhou

"Oh, Daddy!" at the Princes Theatre

JUST as there are horses for courses so are there farces which fit theatres. After the success of *A Warm Corner* at Princes, it would have been tempting Providence not to provide a successor written on the same lines, and Austin Melford, who seems to have created a corner in adapting the works of Franz Arnold and Ernst Bach, has once more gone to the German for the plot of *Oh, Daddy!*

WHY the English author troubled to go so far for the story I don't know, for, to be frank, the central idea, that of a Vice-President of a League of Purity living in the provinces falling for the attractions of raffish London life is not exactly new. Perhaps, however, it was the minor complications of the central idea which attracted Mr. Melford, and from the laughter which these complications caused it would seem evident that the dramatist is not the only one who will be attracted.

WHERE, to my way of thinking, a big chance was lost is due to the fact that the excellent formula, dignity in distress, has not been carried to a logical conclusion. When one of the supposedly unco' guid becomes enmeshed in the toils of a double life, most of the fun lies in his horror at the situation in which he has involved himself, and his fear of discovery. W. H. Berry, who plays this part, however, never for one moment suggests any such thing. From the moment he appears on the stage, obviously delighted at the welcome he receives from the audience, until the fall of the curtain, this very ripe comedian does not conceal the fact that he is enjoying himself to the full.

WHEN Pinero's *The Magistrate* was made into a musical comedy called *The Boy*, W. H. Berry played the same sort of part, but I think that he was infinitely funnier then, for the reason that he gave us a taste of comic terror, which is absent in his present performance. But in whatever way he plays this actor is an old favourite and is as much appreciated as the many old jokes which were equally warmly welcomed.

THAT old Gaiety stand-by, Robert Nainby, as another of the unco' guid brigade, gave an amusing touch of terror to his part, and Guy Fane, as a bearded but extremely young-looking great-uncle to W. H. Berry, amused me muchly with a clever study of pomposity. Heather Thatcher's rôle is that of a cabaret dancer, which she plays with spirit, but, if I dare make the suggestion, I would beg this actress to keep her mouth closed in moments of repose.

"A Murder Has Been Arranged," at the St. James's Theatre

THOUGH a mystery play, something more mysterious than anything which occurs in *A Murder Has Been Arranged* is that, when first produced one Sunday night by the Repertory Players, it received good notices from the critics, and when staged for a run at the St. James's Theatre the notices were not nearly so good!

THE author is a young actor, Mr. Emlyn Williams, and as it is always a pleasure to encourage budding talent I wish I could get away from the complaint of Mr. Dick Phenyll: "Blame, blame, blame, but praise—oh, dear, no!" but to do so would be uncommonly difficult. You see, Mr. Emlyn Williams takes such a deuce of a time in coming to his real thrill. The curtain rises somewhere about 8.30 and it is 10.45 before he really gets down to brass tacks. It is possible that some playgoers will feel cold shivers down their spines during the first two acts, but I regret to record that the temperature round my spine remained throughout in the neighbourhood of 98.6°.

IT is true that in the early stages the author creates some sort of eerie atmosphere on the stage of a theatre

Funny faces in a farce. Count Duval (Charles Stone), an amorous Frenchman, Rupert Boddy (Robert Nainby), a purity crank, and Godfrey Sampson (Guy Fane), a character difficult to describe

GHOSTLY AND GRAVE

SKETCHES OF "OH, DADDY!" AT THE PRINCES THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

Linda Pye (Tonie Bruce), mother of the cabaret heroine, freezes on to James Ellison (Fred Hearne) as a future son-in-law

which is supposed to be haunted, and where the action takes place. We also see an actor-manager who will, if he lives a few minutes longer, inherit the tidy sum of two millions, poisoned with neatness and despatch by the villain, who will thus inherit, but the behaviour and conversation of all the characters seem so divorced from actuality that it is difficult to summon up interest in any of them.

BUT though I cannot praise *A Murder Has Been Arranged*, yet at the back of my mind I feel that Mr. Emlyn Williams has the right stuff in him, and I should not be at all surprised if in years to come, when he is a successful dramatist, he will discover the manuscript of this play and, when reading it, give a tolerant smile and mutter, "Did I really write that?"

TO come back to present day, the big success in the acting line was that of Henry Kendall who, for a change, showed what he could do with a part which was not all persiflage. He has, in consequence, greatly increased his reputation as an all-round actor.

"The Queen Bee," at the Prince of Wales Theatre

MUCH of the action of this cynical comedy, cleverly adapted from the French by José G. Levy, takes place in a graveyard, where a fiancé, a husband and a lover have been sent prematurely by an utterly selfish woman, and, strangely enough, these scenes are extremely funny. Those showing how they got there are not quite so good, but closer playing than they received on the first night, plus a little judicious cutting, would brighten them greatly.

THE fiancé commits suicide because the young lady thinks he has not enough money to supply her manifold wants. The husband succumbs to a stroke brought on by callous disobedience to his wishes, while the lover dies for a reason the Censor has allowed to pass, but one which I find it extremely difficult to wrap up nicely in printed words.

AND with a unanimity which is wonderful, the three departed rise from their tombs on All Souls' Day, and, judging the sex from the woman who had entered into their joint lives, have nothing but nasty things to say of womankind. And if all women were like the principal female character in this play, I should feel cordially inclined to agree with her victims. Just at the end, however, a young couple of the present generation in a short love scene manage to leave a slightly less nasty taste in the mouth.

THERE is a second act showing how the lover died, which is about as near the knuckle as anything seen on the stage, in which Iris Hoey as "the Queen Bee" plays brilliantly, as she does throughout. Another clever and amusing performance is that of Frederick Leister as her husband, and Denys Blakelock acts with sincerity as the dead fiancé. George Barraud as the too-much-loved lover was far too restrained, and his make-up, which gave the impression of the picture of rude health, should surely be reconsidered. George Barraud made a success on the stage and the films in America, and he is attractive-looking, with a good voice, but if he is to do any good over here he must throw more life into his parts—even when he is dying—and enunciate his words far more clearly than he does at present.

V. W.

PARIS GOSSIP

MUSIC, MIDINETTES AND OTHER MATTERS

By Sylvia Lyon

THIS is the rainy and intellectual season, whether you like it or not. Its first evidence was the opening of the Opéra Russe de Paris, with sleek cars sliding en masse in the Avenue Montaigne, and throngs entering the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, with a double enigma on their faces, for this theatre has a strange tradition; it either provides a great artistic success, or something perfectly awful like the Siamese Twins. The annual Russian opera season opened with Prince Igor as the opera, Chaliapin as Prince Igor, and André Tardieu as the chief attraction in the audience. Chaliapin sang gorgeously, made a rather nervous curtain speech, and I regretted that art cannot remain pure, recalling the story of the man who married an ugly woman with a beautiful voice. "For God's sake sing!" advised the husband within a few hours after the wedding.

French politics remain pure politics, however, and I feel most kindly towards M. Tardieu for not using the occasion to address the perfectly elegant audience, the women of which used the great fur collars of their evening cloaks against the brassy blares of Borodine's score. Physically, the human race does not advance with art. Ears remain as sensitive organically, though improving æsthetically, as in the days of the old Ballet Russe, when anything Russian seemed dangerously advanced. It is a little pathetic how art dates, just like hats. Unfortunately, the composers, musicians and impresarios lose money by it, while the modistes buy racing stables.

"St. Catherine's Day, when the midinettes and vendeuses had a bus-man's holiday and made themselves costumes"

ANOTHER sign of the intellectual season is seen on certain evenings when cars pile up in the rue de Boissière before the house of Madame Bousquet, whose salon is so brainy that her guests are too modest to speak their brilliance

Keystone

Prince Louis Ferdinand Hohenzollern, the Ex-Kaiser's grandson, wants a job. He recently arrived in New York from Buenos Aires, where he worked for the Ford Motor Company in the hope of starting an industrial career under Henry Ford

G.P.U.

Midinettes at the fancy-dress dance and entertainment given for them at the Cirque Medrano by Capt. Molyneux, the famous dress designer, on St. Catherine's Day. The bonnets they are wearing were all designed by Capt. Molyneux's sewing girls, and represent, among other things, a white bird on a golden nest a gold lace basket of flowers, a pagoda and a bonnet of gold stars with the moon and planets on each side

"Braving the chilly air, the artist was painting, for no sensible reason at all, a picture of a soldier of the Empire period"

aloud. An Annamite servant ushers the young intellectuals (which have nothing to do with Montparnasse, being successful intellectuals) into a dimly lighted little salon where all sit in a circle and breathe brilliance to each other. The atmosphere is so catching that the Annamite servant now and then writes the most literary letters to Madame Bousquet, who, by the way, is a great friend of Lady Crewe.

FARTHER up the Rue Boissière, but in the daylight, gather more cars, where, in the American Women's Club, the kind of people who would go to the American Women's Club think they are being intellectual, but the best thing about the club are the waffles served in the dining room. But I must say that this Club (I use a capital "C" because it takes itself so seriously) serves one social purpose. What with the bad weather, Mr. Berry Wall has now some place to go. He assiduously attends all the morning musicales sponsored by his wife, who is one of the directors of this Club.

THAT the rising Seine has scattered its artistic devotees elsewhere will perhaps solve this great problem. The other day, where the Avenue MacMahon ends at the Etoile, an artist was attacking a canvas with great inspiration. The usual curious people gathered about him, but nothing on their faces revealed that they were gazing at anything unusual in the line of painting. Equally curious, I stopped to look at the canvas, and did I see the usual Parisian street scene, or view of the Arc de Triomphe? I should say not. Braving the chilly air, the artist was painting, for no sensible reason at all, a picture of a soldier of the Empire period, red trousers, beard and all. Why he was painting a "studio" or "easel" picture in the open air I do not know, unless he liked to have a gallery gathered round him.

Central Press

The position in Paris has been acute owing to the very rapid rise of the Seine, which threatened a repetition of the grave floods of twenty years ago. The optimistic fishermen of the Seine are not to be daunted, however, any more than artists, as is proved by the above photograph of a local angler trying his luck near the Hotel de Ville

THE Aeronautical Show is open at the Grand Palais, with the Question Mark, The Yellow Canary, and the DO-S, the baby sister of the DO-X, as the chief attractions, which gives hope that the French are recovering from their intense chauvinism, as at the last Radio show foreign radios were forbidden entry. In contrast to this, Paul Reboux' latest book, "Le Nouveau Savoir-Vivre," reveals the fact that the author's opinions are not so nouveau as he thinks, and he remains impervious to the idea that he lives in the world, not only in France. He regards cocktails as abominations, and simply dispenses with cocktail parties, whereas they are growing more and more popular in Parisian society.

NOT to be too mondaine, for I have just learned that we gossip-writers are shallow and frivolous and have no souls, I will add that the most Parisian spectacle and event of the week was St. Catherine's Day, when the midinettes and vendeuses had a busman's holiday and made themselves costumes. The weather being unpleasant, the morning's celebration was confined to general dressing-up and dancing and singing in the salons of the great couturiers, while at five o'clock in the afternoon elaborate parties were given for them at various hotels and salles. S. L.

BERTA FELDEN Keystone

The lovely Viennese actress, who will play the name part in "Peter Pan" when it is produced at Christmas for the first time in Vienna. Barrie's famous fairy play, like its hero, refuses to grow up although it came of age some time ago

By Stan Terry

Cinema Star: "Oh bother! I forgot something while I was out shopping"
Secretary: "Anything important?"
Cinema Star: "It was rather. I meant to buy a limousine to go with my new hat!"

"AWFUL CHAPS—AND HOW?"

(With apologies to Mr. John Heygate's novel, "Decent Fellows," and Barbara Cartland's "For What?")

"Aw Hell!" A great spout of Scotch mist wreathed and trailed and enveloped Ann Bailey as she lay on the topmost peak of the Cairn. Eagles swirled and flashed and fowled above her. Ann was frightened, but Peter was by her side.

"We'll be braugin the fraugh the noo," he said. Ann felt no longer afraid.

"Whatever are you doing up there, you naughty girl?" cried a voice. It was Ann's mother. She had picked up her accent in Berkeley Square.

"We are pretending to be birds."

"Well, come down this instant. Sir Alan Dunclair, Bart., as well as D.S.O. and M.C., though it is not obvious at first glance, who is a big landowner and a good sportsman, is here."

A cloud came over Ann's eyes. She wanted Peter. Peter her playmate. She did not want Sir Alan Dunclair, Bart., but Peter was blind to her love.

* * *

When Ann went back to Eton for the next quarter she found she was the only girl among one thousand two hundred and fifty boys. This was a record, even for Eton. One morning she was combing her hair outside m'tutor's when Ockley came up.

"Hello," he said, "who are you messing with this term?"

"I don't know," said Ann, "I was black-balled last quarter—I mean half. It was a —— shame," she added, using the traditional Etonian adjective.

"You'd better come in with us," said Ockley, whose father was a peer and kept a valet and butler. "What can you raise?"

"How about gin and Woodbines?" suggested Ann.

"That's O.K. by me," cried Ockley.

Shortly after Ann asked Sir Alan Dunclair, Bart., to tea. He brought a case of whisky.

"Whisky, how topping of you!" cried Ann and the others in unison.

"I made it myself," Alan said.

When Ann was seeing Alan off he tried to kiss her.

"Here, I say," she exclaimed, "you can't do that sort of thing here. I might get expelled from m'tutor's. M'tutor doesn't like m'kissing." So Alan proposed instead.

"I'll give you an answer after the Eton and Harrow match," she said. "I'm coxing the team."

* * *

When Ann got back to her room she found the Captain of the School looking terribly handsome in a red, white and blue waistcoat. He was smelling one of the whisky bottles.

"Bootleg stuff," he cried. "I'm afraid this will have to be reported to the Head. We can't have the Distillers' Company cut into like this." Ann offered him a Woodbine.

"Topping of you. We must go up to the Embassy one night," he said.

Ann blushed. "I'd love to," she said.

* * *

The Headmaster, with his great black beard and red mortar-board, frightened Ann when they went over next morning to be swished. The others stood it like heroes. Then Ann went in. Præpostorous handed the birch to the Head.

"Please, sir——" stuttered Ann.

"Well, what is it?"

"Please, I'm going to have a baby."

"Good God!" ejaculated the Head. "You can't do that here. Leave us," he said to the others. Suddenly his beard gave a twitch.

"Peter!" Ann cried. "You!"

Peter took off the beard. "Yes," he said. "I'm the youngest Head m'Eton's ever had. We're keeping it out of the papers till m'Fourth. We ought to get some good publicity. They're rather anxious to ginger the place up a bit."

"I'll help you, Peter; I love you."

Sir Alan Dunclair was forgotten.

* * *

After she had had her baby Ann was even more popular at Eton than before. She was made Captain of the Boats and Cricket and Football and everything. Then came the Great Day, m'Fourth at Lord's.

Suddenly a gun sounded from Windsor Castle. They were off.

Meanwhile, in the centre of the pitch, Harrow was catching up. Ann urged on her crew. Then a voice hissed in her ear, "It's all right, Ann." She looked round, and there was Sir Alan Dunclair, Bart., disguised as the Harrow wicket-keeper. "For your sake I'm going to sink the boat," he called beneath his breath. Eton had won again. The Head took Ann on one side, lifted his false beard, and said: "I love you, Ann, but the better man wins. He has saved m'school."

"M'college," Ann corrected him.

"Floreat m'Etona," they softly sang.

R. V.

BY TONI BRIGHTEN

"When will you learn, Rudolf, that darling *Tu-Tu always likes to have his bath before you do?"*

If Gossip We Must.

Marcus Adams

"PA-A-PER!"

Lady Evelyn Guinness's little daughter Grania as she appeared in the "Ragged Newsboy" number at the recent special matinée at the Haymarket Theatre, attended by Princess Beatrice. It was in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital Maintenance Fund

THE Grand National is still a long way ahead, but the promoters of gigantic sweepstakes do not feel this distance at all, and are already well advanced with their preparations. Having secured two tickets for the last Dublin sweep, which were officially too late, and having been asked if I would care to hold them over for the National, I have refused, and for what I consider a very good reason. All such participation is, of course, an insane form of gambling if one considers the ridiculous odds, though these are just the things one doesn't consider. But I want to have a rather more sporting chance than these affairs, run as they are now, happen to offer

THE Dublin sweep of a few weeks ago was a sorry business when one comes to realise the extent of the deductions for working expenses and for the hospitals. Don't let me be misunderstood in this matter of hospitals. So long as they have to rely on charity and gambling for support, sweeps should be run, so far as is possible, to fill the need. But we must do away with any hypocritical nonsense about hospitals being the main reason why sweeps are organised.

Let it be recognised that sweeps exist—where they are allowed to exist—because nearly every Tom, Dick, or Harry wants to become a rich man suddenly and without effort. As this is a perfectly legitimate desire (and one which has haunted me for years), 20 per cent. deduction for the hospitals is surely quite sufficient, and more than a 5 per cent. deduction for working expenses is scandalous.

MORE hypocritical still is English law on the subject, A legal code which proved that it saw nothing wrong in betting and bookmakers by recognising a betting tax becomes an absurdity when it does not recognise sweepstakes. In whatever generation such prohibition was framed, it should certainly not apply to men and women of to-day; its enforcement only makes us look ridiculous in the eyes of other nations.

Here is yet another instance of our national habit of imagining that we can remain a shining example of moral rectitude so long as we pass plenty of laws with that end in view. Poor little Mr. Clynes, by the way, need not be blamed. He

An exclusive photograph of Joyce Barbour and A musical show was produced by C. B. Cochran at the Al

By Leslie P. Marchant

TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCE: "Have a cigar?"
SCOT: "Thank ye!"
TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCE: "I wonder if you could oblige me with a match?"
SCOT: "Sae that's it! I kenned fine there waur a catch aboot it somewhere!"

Sasha

...in one of the scenes from "Ever Green." This new ...last week after a very successful provincial debut

is only doing his job in seeing that the law as he finds it is obeyed.

THERE is no prospect of a General Election in the near future. But the certain revulsion of feeling against the Socialist Government is more than that which it is the fashion to dismiss comfortably as "the swing of the pendulum." The municipal elections were a very formidable omen, and the bye-elections have shown a steady anti-Socialist bias. East Renfrew the defeated Socialist candidate and the Government Press described lightly as "not a defeat for the Socialist Party." If the turning of a Tory majority of 1,563 at the General Election into a Tory majority of 7,460 is not a smack in the eye, I should like to know what is.

ALL things considered, the Conservative Party, though it has its squabbles, is far and away the most united of the three. The Government, with Mr. MacDonald finding Sir Oswald Mosley difficult on the one side, and the "wild men" much more difficult on the other, is rent by dissensions. The Liberal Party is committing suicide slowly by terribly subtle manœuvres which come to nothing, and the revolt of Sir John Simon, who is one of the honest men in politics, has been a grievous blow.

The inside history of that episode I am able to reveal, and it will be news to all but a very few. Sir John threw in his hand because the Liberals refused to support the Simon Commission, but will support instead the Government scheme for giving Dominion Home Rule to India. This he rightly considers will be of the greatest danger to the safety of the Empire.

Sasha

ALICE DELYSIA

An exclusive photograph of the clever French actress who is so often seen on the English stage. She will shortly appear in a leading part in a new play, "A Pair of Trousers," which is reputed to be extremely funny

Fox Photos

WILL THE "MIDWAY RHYTHM" CATCH ON?

Mr. Wellesley Smith and Miss Josephine Bradley demonstrating the "Midway Rhythm" glide, the latest dance to invade the ballroom. Although the steps look intricate, the nervous can comfort themselves in the knowledge that the experts assert they are very easy to follow

AFTER the political circus a real one—usually not quite so funny, but a damn sight more honestly run. I am glad Bertram Mills is having his circus at Olympia again this Christmas, because it is always good fun, and also because circuses are nice, old-fashioned things which should not be allowed to die. Each year do I receive with much gladness

Dorothy Wilding

ANNA NEAGLE

The beautiful leading lady in the new musical show, "Stand Up and Sing," in which Jack Buchanan will be seen shortly. She is well known on the films, and has recently been filming with Matheson Lang in "The Chinese Bungalow"

The Critic and the Criticised

Mr. Osbert Sitwell, whose views on many matters are very pronounced, recently launched a violent attack on the Stage in general

GLOOM and despair hang over all
Our leading lights theatrical
As one by one they sadly don
Their latest suits of sackcloth,
Whilst actors who once loved to play
Beneath the spotlight's gleaming ray,
Now shun the light and lurk all night
Beside some sombre backcloth.

Poor Freddie Lonsdale's weak with tears
And from reports it now appears
That Bernard Shaw and many more
Are not only downhearted,
But, tearing up their latest script,
Have quickly packed a bag and shipped
To some far isle to brood awhile,
On glory that's departed

No longer now in the Savoy
Do actresses of note enjoy
A "slap-up" meal, but meekly steal
To lunch in some drear attic
Where, far away from Sitwell's view
They toy with bread and Irish stew,
For they have heard to order "bird"
Is far too emblematic!

But though this critic holds the view
That it's effete and hopeless too
The British Stage need not now rage
Or groan in anguish 'cos he
Says it needs changing through and through
For all our actors need to do
To gain respite from further slight
Is just to alter—Ossie!—B. W

the invitation to the inaugural lunch party at which Lord Lonsdale is always prominent. This year the invitation card is adorned with pictures of the greatest clown of all time—Joseph Grimaldi. Soon we shall be celebrating the centenary of "Joey's" death (he was the original "Joey")—if you can call seven years soon, for he died in 1837. You can see his grave in a derelict churchyard near the Angel, Islington, and there is a Grimaldi Street close by.

BERTRAM MILLS has been rather seriously ill of late, but, I am delighted to hear, is better now. He is an asset to the brightening-of-London process, with his circuses and his dances at Covent Garden, and he is a good sportsman, too, and drives a four-in-hand. He has the love of the circus and of the sawdust in his very bones, and collects all available books and prints about it. So does Charlie Cochran.

BY BERTRAM PRANCE

MISTRESS: "You'll lock up each night, won't you, Perkins?"

NEW BUTLER (*very superior*): "Er, yes, my lady. But not personally, surely!"

MAURICE CHEVALIER is an idol, and deservedly so. But he was up against a tough proposition on his opening night at the vast Dominion Theatre. Although every platform—I mean every row of stalls—was filled by people who adore this fascinating Frenchman, their adoration was strained almost to bursting point when they had to sit through an hour and a half of dull tosh—call it variety entertainment or revue, or what you will—before he made an appearance. When he did step on to the stage he was, of course, irresistible.

Chevalier also showed how charming and how witty are the French songs he has made his own, and how inane and futile are the much-plugged "theme" songs from Hollywood with which he also regaled us. Hollywood has brought him millions of dollars, so it would be sheer ingratitude not to include some of its products.

But the Chevalier most of us admire is the gay, rollicking person who sings "Dites Moi, Mère," and makes a little masterpiece out of it. By the

Frances Coyler, the English film star in a fashion of ... family dress which was worn at one of the Edwardian ... very much de rigueur

Press Pictures

Carl Brisson, the musical comedy and film star who is the modern equivalent of the "matinée idol" of pre-war days, rehearsing a scene with Dorothy Dickson, the leading lady in "Wonder Bar." Luckily, the première of this musical play at the Savoy last week did not clash—as at first seemed probable—with C. B. Cochran's new revue, "Ever Green," at the reconstructed Adelphi Theatre

way, his lurching swagger of a walk in his modern apache song reminded me of another Chevalier (and a great one, too)—Albert. I suppose Albert Chevalier is but a name to most of the present generation, and to some of them not even that.

I HAPPENED to walk along Tottenham Court Road an hour or so before the curtain was due to rise at the Dominion Theatre, and saw a long queue stretching along the pavement on the east side, and round the the corner, too. "Chevalier must be a big draw?" I remarked to a policeman. "These aren't going inside," was the reply, "this lot's waiting to see the audience come."

VERILY, London is a large city, and, verily, an uncomfortably large proportion of its population are pinheads, nit-wits, cretins, morons, and semi-baked. Is there any other city in the world (except, perhaps, New York) where people would stand in the cold for hours to watch other people turn up to watch other people?

SIR ALFRED BUTT has now joined in the opera-subsidy pay debate, and has weighed in with a lot of quite cogent arguments against that scheme. There is, in fact, hardly one of his points of opposition to opera subsidy with which I do not agree. But there is a suggestion of the attitude of the stern father who, when about to chastise his son, says, "This is going to hurt me more than it does you," in Sir Alfred's declaration that, although he does not consider that the State should support opera, he is personally extremely fond of it. "I love opera," says Sir Alfred.

Good! Then why doesn't he go to the opera? I happen to be well above the average in regularity of attendance at Covent Garden during the grand season. Yet I don't remember ever to have seen Sir Alfred Butt there.

TWO IDOLS OF THE HOUR

Central Press

Maurice Chevalier pays one of the penalties of greatness and signs autographs for a few of the vast army of female admirers who have been dogging his footsteps ever since he landed in this country. His short season is proving an enormous success, and "house ful!" is the regular order of things

GUALTIERO VOLTERRA, the solo pianist, who, as I mentioned last week, received such a great reception at the recent Galli-Curci concert, is a great lad. He was born in Florence, which he thinks is the greatest city in the world, and began studying the piano at the age of seven. At thirteen he was giving concerts in Berlin and Monte Carlo, and then, wisely deciding against becoming an infant prodigy, he settled down to study again, and came in touch with Busoni, who did him a lot of good. Gualtiero is still young, is married to an English woman, and collects Italian fifteenth-century paintings.

THEY tell me that the miniature golf craze is *not* dying. Yet restaurants, dance clubs, etc., are dropping it, good and hard. The receipts for the game in one establishment I wot of were, in three successive weeks, £123, £34, and 17s. Which hardly looks like increasing popularity.

IT is possible that one day a new game will be invented which will live. No one thought in 1870 or thereabouts that lawn-tennis would become a world-wide pastime played all the year round by millions of enthusiasts, but this game has nothing freakish about it. To invent a new game which will have lasting appeal is almost impossible.

E. O. Hoppé wearing an old time trains were

FILM NOTES

The schoolmaster-composer, Gustav Fröhlich, is reunited to his village love, Liane Haid, in the last scene from "The Immortal Vagabond," a German production, in which the principals' voices are doubled by the English artists, Haddon Mason and Janice Adair

ENGLISH VOICES FOR FOREIGN STARS By Lionel Collier

IT is always a source of difficulty for the critic in these days to be certain that a picture to which he is making reference will still be running when the notice appears. Some cinemas run a policy of a weekly change, but this is not always constant, while others favour a long run—if the public permits it. To add to the difficulties theatres can seldom tell you sufficiently far ahead to ensure accuracy what the next week's programme is going to be. To obviate these obstacles as far as possible I have dealt chiefly with the major features directly they are shown to the Press, because, as a rule, they get a special presentation, at any rate within a week or two.

THIS week I want to deal with a German picture, "The Immortal Vagabond," which, as I write, is running at the Regal. On its merits it should remain in the programme, but possibly it will have been taken off by the time these lines appear. It is a very interesting film, and one that is well worth bearing in mind to be seen at a subsequent run or when it is released.

"THE IMMORTAL VAGABOND" is adapted by C. Ucicky from the opera of the same name, and deals with the sentimental love of a Tyrolean schoolmaster, who later becomes a famous composer, for a girl who is forced by her father to marry a wealthy farmer in the Austrian Alps. Of such slight material is the plot. It is indeed almost novelettish in its conception, but the treatment takes it out of the rut and makes it a thing of charm and romantic pleasantness. Ucicky has captured the pictorial beauty of the Tyrol as well as a perfectly convincing village atmosphere. In this milieu he introduces us to characters who live, and in whom we can believe. There is also a touch of satire which adds to the entertainment. It is introduced by a sequence in which the village elders, believing the love-lorn schoolmaster-composer to be dead, erect a statue to him whom they had previously spurned; the money for the memorial coming from the royalties of the opera the schoolmaster himself had composed.

Dodo Watts, the popular English actress, who is rapidly making a big name for herself in "Almost a Honeymoon," a picturisation of the farce at the Garrick

An hilarious scene from "Almost a Honeymoon," which is now running at the Regal. Dodo Watts as Rosalie and Clifford Mollison as Basil Dibling make the most of an embarrassing situation

THE principal artists are Gustav Fröhlich as the schoolmaster, Liane Haid as the girl, Hans Schlettow as the prosperous farmer, and Karl Gerhardt as the girl's father. It is a notable cast which acts exceptionally well. As in "The White Devil," the Germans have resorted to doubled voices to overcome the language difficulty. But here the voices do fit the personalities which they did not succeed in doing in "The White Devil." The synchrony is amazingly good.

English artists have been employed to double the voices, a very difficult and trying operation. Fröhlich is "ghost voiced" by Haddon Mason, while Liane Haid's substitute is Janice Adair.

In addition to the perfect synchronisation, the picture retains the technique of the silent film in its beauty of exterior and interior camera work.

A BRITISH film holds place of honour at the Regal. It is an adaptation of the successful Garrick Theatre farce, "Almost a Honeymoon." While it has a tendency to run to length there is a good deal of merit in the production, which shows that British directors are really getting a grip of the comedy market. Clifford Mollison, the stage comedian, proves himself an invaluable asset to the talkies; his performance is a sheer delight and helps make the picture the success it is. He is ably supported by Dodo Watts and Donald Calthrop.

THE East African campaign had the glamour of the more chivalrous side of modern warfare and lends itself admirably as a background for a romantic adventure story. The atmosphere has been admirably captured in "Mamba," which is generally released this week. Admittedly there is lack of conviction in some of the scenes, but the cast, headed by Jean Hersholt, under the direction of Al Rogell, make it quite gripping in effect.

THIS week's feature at the Empire is John Gilbert's latest picture, "Way for a Sailor." He is supported by a strong cast, which includes Jim Tully, Wallace Beery and Leila Hyams, all old silent screen favourites. L. C.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

"SO THIS IS LONDON"
Will Rogers brings brightness to our lives in a sly hit at extreme English and American types.

"APPLAUSE"
A story of the seamy side of stage life, acted with conviction. Helen Morgan, Joan Peers and Fuller Mellish, Jnr.

"DUMB-BELLS IN ERMINE"
A comedy of a Puritan who was not so pure as he pretended. Excellent acting by Robert Armstrong, Barbara Kent, Beryl Mercer, Arthur Hoyt, James Gleason and Claude Gillingwater.

African "Whoopee." A dance scene from "Mamba," a story of the German East African campaign, which, while not wholly convincing in atmosphere, is well acted by Jean Hersholt, Eleanor Boardman and Ralph Forbes

THE LITERARY SHOW

"Had no effect on their slumbers"

OUR CLUB LIBRARY

By J. A. Hammerton

At a West End club of which I am a member, which is not literary, there is a cosy little library. "Library" is perhaps a euphuism. It resembles one only in so far as the shelves upon its walls are packed with books up to the ceiling. There is also a library ladder, for the use of cleaners on rare occasions when the upper shelves are dusted. Never in the history of the club has a member been known to mount these steps in quest of any volume among the dim and indecipherable rows of the upper shelves. It is even a rare thing to see a member using the library for any purpose other than slumber. A large notice on the mantelpiece, "Silence by request," has no effect on the slumberers. Speech would, indeed, be preferable!

We have, in our library which is something of a joke, an extraordinary lot of dictionaries. They run into scores, of all shapes and sizes, deal with many different languages, with slang and Americanisms, and include some early editions.

"Hurry over to London to write her biography"

A good dictionary can laugh at the braggings of the best-seller of the day. There are dictionaries in existence of which more copies have been sold than have been printed of *All Quiet*! Yet we never hear about them. A good dictionary is the Ole Man River of bookland; it just keeps rolling along while the best-sellers flourish and decay and are forgotten.

Modern books occupy a tiny corner only. They are an interesting lot, however, especially Sir James Jeans's *The Universe Around Us*, to which I often find myself returning, although I read it through on its first appearance. I sometimes think as I look at the immense shelfloads of unread books in my club library that few of them are likely to be read before they have been resolved into dust and become infinitesimal particles of radiation in that ultimate and cheerless eternity which Professor Jeans foresees, when nothing shall exist except radiation endlessly streaming—as Walt Whitman might have expressed it!

My chief entertainment has come from some old three-volume novels of the early nineteenth century which some member has evidently thought might be as well on our library shelves as in the dustbin. A perusal of a few of these (such as *Tremaine; or, The Man of Refinement*, and *De Vere; or, The Man of Independence*, by the same anonymous author) suggests that if the best living writers have not vastly improved upon the master novelists of a

(Continued on page 574)

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

WILL ENGLAND LOSE HER EMPIRE?*

ENGLAND is at the cross roads of fate. One way leads to a powerful confederacy of nations, under the same chieftainship, with just and strong governance over peoples not yet ready, not nearly ready, for self government. The other leads to a little England, divorced from old possessions, with a voluntary surrender of former power, a quiet retreat from restless races—to the state of a country like Denmark, but with a socialised democracy without rich or poor and with perhaps a fair general prosperity, living a good deal on foreign tourists, exhibiting its historical antiquities, proud of its past, unambitious, resigned to a lack of influence in world affairs.

AT the present time it is this way which is being taken, by the turning away of public opinion from the other and harder road, by the weakness and vacillation of political leaders, and by a new mentality which is hostile to authority by force of arms.

At the present time in England there is no enthusiasm for Empire among the general masses. . . .

THE younger democratic crowd want to slip off that burden with other responsibilities. . . . They do not realise or understand that a withdrawal from territories where British rule still stands, though weakly, would not be an act of liberation but a betrayal of simple peoples who would be delivered over to corruption and cruelty.

* An extract from "Since Then" (Heinemann: 15s.), by Sir Philip Gibbs, one of the many striking passages in a book dealing with what has happened to Europe since the War

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

"BLOOD"

I'd like a
WILLS'S
"GOLD FLAKE"

Peter North

THE RUTHVEN TWINS

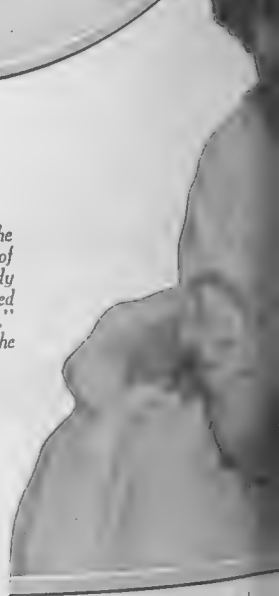
A recent photograph of the Hon. Mrs. Alison Barran and her twin-sister, the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, who are so well known in Society. They are the daughters of Major-General Lord Ruthven and of Lady Ruthven

THE NEW GENER-ATION

Mrs. Cecil Singer with her twin daughters, Winnaretter and Susan. Formerly Miss Groves, of New York, she is the daughter-in-law of the late Mr. Paris Singer

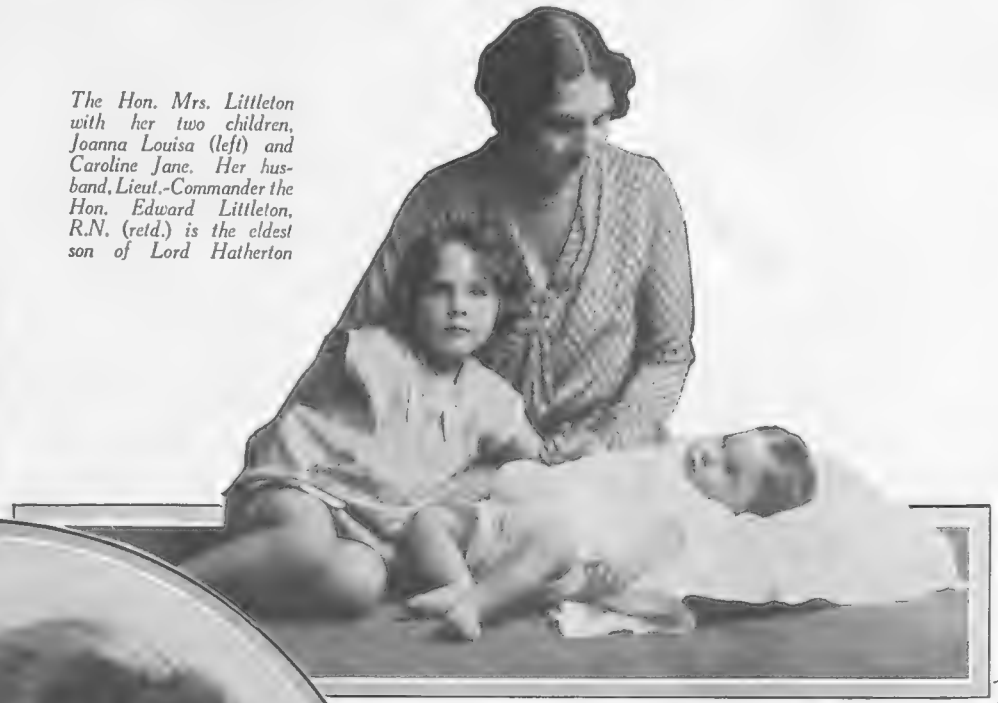
Right. The Hon. Mrs. John Bethell with her eldest son, Guy. Her husband is the elder son of Lord and Lady Bethell, of Bushey House, Bushey

Mrs. Thirlwall Philipson enjoys a joke with her little son, Christopher. She is the daughter of the late Mr. W. B. Gladstone and sister of Mrs. G. Tennyson d'Eyncourt



Right. Rosemary, the attractive daughter of Captain Oliver and Lady Moira Lyttelton, dressed as Reynolds's "Collina." She is a niece of the Duke of Leeds

SOME PRETTY LITTLE PEOPLE



The Hon. Mrs. Littleton with her two children, Joanna Louisa (left) and Caroline Jane. Her husband, Lieut.-Commander the Hon. Edward Littleton, R.N. (retd.) is the eldest son of Lord Hatherton

Left. Mrs. Philip Kindersley with her little son, Guy. Before her marriage, she was Miss Oonagh Guinness

Top circle. Lady Louis Mountbatten with her little daughter, Pamela, who was born last year. Her elder daughter, Patricia, is now six years old

Mrs. Ingham Clark with her two attractive kiddies, Alastair and Fiona. She is the only daughter of Sir Cecil and Lady Fitch, of Possingworth, Sussex

Photographs by Lenare, Hay Wrightson, Marcus Adams, Lafayette

Stage Photo Co.

THE GOLDEN GATES OF CHICAGO CRIME

Gillian Lind in "On the Spot," at the Cambridge Theatre, as the Chinese mistress of Tony Perelli, at the bars of her gilded cage in the super-ornate apartment of this notorious Chicago gangster. In Minn Lee this actress has made one of the biggest hits in her career

DEWAR'S

MAYBE A FRIEND OF YOURS will send you one of these special cases of "White Label" for Christmas. And you'll open it with joy—well knowing the wonderful spirit that fills each bottle ● Whisky that has been matured and blended in the heart of the Scottish Highlands. Whisky that recalls the scent of the wet pine woods under a soft grey Scottish sky. Whisky whose full yet velvety flavour gives strange and satisfying comfort to a man ● How many of your friends might have just such delight if you were to send Christmas cases of "White Label"? You can get them for the asking from your usual supplier. Containing two, three, six or twelve bottles—ready packed and secured. Wonderful gift. Wonderful Whisky. **"WHITE LABEL"!**

Wonderful Whisky ● "WHITE LABEL"

DRINK BETTER CHOCOLATE

Here is a new kind of drinking chocolate – Cadbury's 'Cup' Chocolate. When occasion demands it can be prepared *in an instant.* Simply by shaking the soft flakes straight into a cup of boiling hot milk.

CADBURY'S 'CUP' CHOCOLATE

REDUCED PRICES

11d. per ½lb. tin; 1/9d. per lb.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

MATING

BY URSULA BLOOM

IT lay there in the shop window shining softly in the brilliant light; a silver fox, exquisitely silky, sprawling indolently over the burnished gilt chair, one waxen camellia flung idly beside it; there was the gleaming darkness of fur, and pricking up through it the thin points of silver.

"Oh!" said Judith, and started back in admiration.

"What a marvellous fur!" said Keith, and he eyed it again; the satin-gleam of it, deep, rich darkness with the single white hairs sparkling like frost. "By Jove, must have that. Never seen one like it. I'll get it for you."

Keith was thinking to himself, "She is making up her mind as to whether she'll marry me, and this might help. It would about weigh the balance."

Judith was staring into the window. "It would be frightfully expensive," she said coldly, yet all the while her eyes were glowing with desire. She wanted the fur. She coveted its glossiness, its voluptuous appeal, her throat ached to feel its tenderness.

MISS URSULA BLOOM *Cigarini*

A recent portrait of the author of "Mating," our short story. In addition to short stories and articles, she has written several successful novels

"I'M rich," he told her, quite truthfully, and he opened the door into the shop, with its curved façade of glass, and its magic name cut in crystal above it. Judith stood there with only the London street ebbing past her, hum of it, throb of it . . . and down in her heart the surging of her life, hum of it, throb of it, pulse of it beating. . . .

She was going to marry Keith. She might dally with the idea, play with it, but all the while she knew that wise girls did not dismiss men of his achievement and financial success. Next year she would be thirty. After thirty opportunities recede. It is all very well to be wise about them, and to say that we are younger longer these days. Judith did not deceive herself. All her life she had had enough, but she had never been rich. She had had the means to buy a perfect frock by a magic maker, though with difficulty. Enough to keep herself comfortably but not in luxury, and luxury has an appeal that is all its own. It is all very well to sneer at material matters, they count. They count tremendously. She loved luxury; she loved delicious perfumes, orchids arching in silver bowls, the gleam of crystal-cut glass, glitter of silver, wines warmly sweet to your throat, caviare, . . . foie gras. . . .

Judith had been brought up in the country. She had known what life could be running bare foot through long dewy grasses; listening to the rustling sounds that the trees make, rivers purring in arpeggios, the chattering curtain of silver that waterfalls drop. But it was all so long ago that it did not matter now. Why should it? None of us can help our childhoods. A superb saleswoman, exquisitely gowned, with a clownish mouth painted into a supercilious smile, drew back the net curtains and, stepping into the window, took up the silver fox. It dripped across her arm like a dead thing. For one moment, a rather hideous moment, Judith saw it as it might have been, something gasping out its life in a trap, giving its life to cede her beauty, something alien to London, to love, to luxury, something that had no part in the glitter at all.

The bare window was stark. It was gold. Its little empty chair winked solemnly; the one waxen camellia lay there looking chilly. Judith thought of the gleam of white lilies on the dark pools of the river at home; instantly she dismissed the memory.

Keith was standing at the door and holding out to her the exquisite silky fox. "Like it?" he asked.

She took it into her hands. It was deliciously soft. She longed to bury her face in it, to smell the faintly aromatic smell of saltpetre that had dried it. "It's marvellous," she said, and then, with shining eyes, "I'll wear it to-night."

After all, a man who can buy you a fox fur like that is worthy of encouragement. He may be ordinary, and you may be supremely conscious of his ordinariness, but he must be for ever attractive. She despised herself for admiring him for what he could give and not for what he was, yet she could not dissociate him from the fur.

LATER she was dressing before dining with him. She was dressing in the small flat high up above Park Lane. She had no business to afford such an expensive flat on her slendering income, but she had coveted it. With Keith she knew that she would be able to afford whatever she chose. This was a box-like bedroom, pink satin wall paper, a divan bed, a dressing-table gleaming with glass and Barbola work, queer blue fruit, splotches of pink flowers. . . Before the mirror two altar-like candles were set with spires of yellow flame. The mirror was her altar. The mirror told her worth, showed her the price that she could demand of life.

"I'm getting older," she told herself, eyebrow pencil poised, "in ten years' time I'll be having my face lifted . . ." she dabbed a wrinkle with an expensive powder, the almond-coloured ash of it besprinkled the glassy surface liberally. "Never mind," and she laughed a little grimly, "he'll be able to afford it. . ."

She lifted the fox, curled her face against its softness. It gleamed jetty against her white frock which was like a bride's gown, diamanté and silver, waterfalls of tulle, cascades of crystal, and on her shoulders the fox fur. Her cheek caressed it. Odd that she should think of Rod. She did not know why on the instant he came into her memory. Rod, wild, carefree Rod, in his old ridiculous suits,

Illustrated by F. S. MAY

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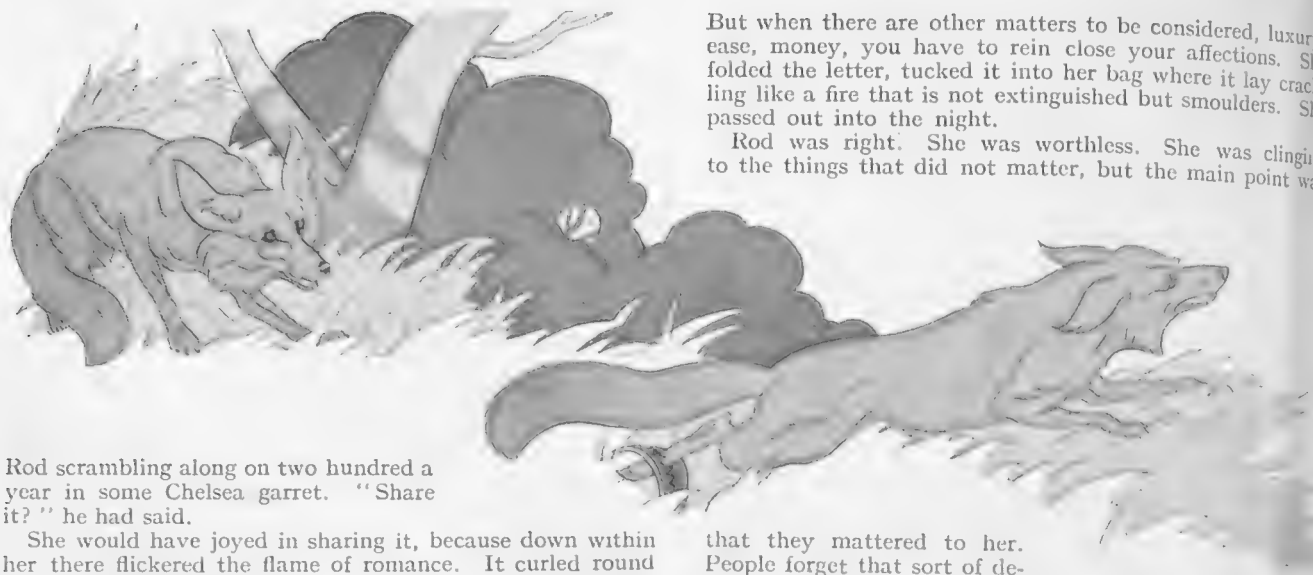

Rod scrambling along on two hundred a year in some Chelsea garret. "Share it?" he had said.

She would have joyed in sharing it, because down within her there flickered the flame of romance. It curled round her heart, mysterious passion, desperate cleaving together, hot, full-mouthed desire commingling with chilly, thin-lipped prudence. Because it would not be wise. She had always desired so much of life, the Park Lane flat, delicate powders and perfume, glitter, burnish, all the surface brilliance, none of those elemental things like the bygone days, the fields rising in green folds up the hillsides, silver pocked with daisies in spring, wine with heather in autumn.

"No," she had said.

He hadn't taken it for an answer, but had laughed in mock delight. "That's splendid! A woman's no always means yes. Now we know where we are" . . . Rod, laughing, the gleam of his teeth, merry brown of his eyes; his hair, not sleek and fine like Keith's, but flung aside. He was so untidy. There was something a little ridiculous about his untidiness, boyish, rumpled, rather pathetic. . . . But she must not sentimentalise.

SHE dyed her lips with rouge, allowed them to dry, outlined them with a vivid pencil, powdered and looked into the mirror (which was altar) approvingly. She was pretty. She had got to admit that. It was a cultivated prettiness, beauty coaxed out of a quite usual face, but the beauty was there. Her skin was tinted to old ivory, lips coral red, shaped as a heart flung into the centre of that whiteness and marking division between nostril and chin. Her eyes, finely pencilled, were perhaps her best feature, for deep down in their depths there lay a drowning soul.

On her shoulder gleamed the glass, quivering eyes of the silver fox, close-set above the black pointed muzzle. They shone like live eyes inquisitively in the dark fur.

"It really is a beauty," she said to herself.

A gold clock chimed the hour. She gathered together gloves and bag, another of his gifts, roses in petit-point, crushed together, a scramble of small even stitches, a spray of blossoms. Perfection.

Passing into the Lilliputian hall she saw a letter lying close to the door, like a white island in a golden pool of parquet. She picked it up hastily, twitching it open, reading it hurriedly. It was from Rod. She felt her heart pulsing a little faster, and unconsciously gripped closer hold of the limp lustrous fur hanging over her arm.

JUDITH DEAR,—Of course, now I know that it couldn't be, I've been rather a fool, only I supposed you would one day chuck all the things that did not matter for the one thing that did. I was wrong. I know now that I have nothing to offer you. I'm not going to be sentimental. I haven't done much with life so far, so I have booked a passage and am sailing in the *Turino* from the Port of London next Saturday. I am going to the wilds of America, my dear, to live in a funny little lone hut, and shoot things, quite a man's life. When you get the most magnificent fox fur in the world, you will know who it is from.—ROD.

On her arm gleamed the glass eyes of the most magnificent fox. She started a little, pricked sharply by superstition. She could not bear that Rod should be going out of her life, for, in her own dim way, she loved him. She cared for him, and she knew that, had she allowed herself to be silly, she could have cared for him quite tremendously.

But when there are other matters to be considered, luxury, ease, money, you have to rein close your affections. She folded the letter, tucked it into her bag where it lay crackling like a fire that is not extinguished but smoulders. She passed out into the night.

Rod was right. She was worthless. She was clinging to the things that did not matter, but the main point was that they mattered to her. People forget that sort of detail when they want to proportion out your life.

Judith and Keith dined well at a famous restaurant. Crowds were there, yet it had the miraculous gift of never seeming to be crowded. Later they danced. They danced and rested alternately, sitting on a small balcony, with a table between them on which was set a bowl of fruit, a camellia swimming in colourless water, petits fours, caviare sandwiches, champagne on ice. Beneath the balcony the park was lit with magic, and through it gleamed the yellow eyes of cars, their low roar sounding like beasts in a jungle. It was a breathless night.

"And yet you wear the fur?" said Keith.

"I love it so much," she admitted, and her eyes were warm with the joy of possession.

"It is a gem. Wonder where the poor brute lived."

"Don't!" she said sharply. Again she had the impression of something long and furry creeping insidiously through a jungle of leaves and sun-hot grass, belly to ground, body stretched tautly forward, of bright, furtive eyes watching. It crept on, so lightly, so silently that one was hardly aware of it. All the while its glassy eyes mocked her. Its black muzzle was moist. It dripped a silver trail on the jade of the foliage. It was like a picture, something sharply etched in her mind.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Keith.

"Heaven knows," she said.

"I hoped that it might be me!" He leant forward on his hands. A perfect evening coat, manicured fingers never soiled by stern labour with the earth; in the driven white of his cuffs the many-coloured winking of diamonds. . . "the fox was make-weight. I hoped that it might tip the balance."

"Perhaps it will," she nodded. "I guessed that it was make-weight, you know."

"How did you guess?"

"He who walks in snow cannot hide his footsteps," she whispered, and felt his fingers tighten on her wrists. They pressed the flexible frost of diamonds that were Cartier into her flesh. White bruising of diamonds, snow . . .

"She sat in her room and fingered the fur lightly, letting herself float along in its memories. Hours of anguish, hours of despair. The old dog-fox late in his return, not returning at all"

"You're incorrigible, enchanting," he said huskily.

She thought of a creeping, furry body pressed to snow. Small, furtive face, sharpened by starvation. Living by its wits, yet knowing those wits would not fail it. Another body on the snow, something smaller, equally furry, and, yes, red. Blood on the whiteness. The scarlet, dripping blood of some doomed rabbit. She gave a little gasp and brought herself back to her surroundings. Was she wearing the mantle of the Borgia stained by the blood of Perotti? What was the matter with her?

"We'll go anywhere you choose for a honeymoon," he was saying, "and may it be soon?"

All the while his eyes held none of the pleading of Rod, she knew that. This was a bargain. He was impassioned by her, and, wanting to possess her, offered a fair exchange of marriage. She wanted all that he could give her. It wasn't love at all, though at any other time she might have cheated herself into believing that it was.

They danced with the circling arcs of light, and the soft music of the band muted to a tender waltz. Afterwards,

sitting on the balcony, she flung the fox about her shoulders again, and instantly it was not the soft music of a superb band, but the long, low love-call of an old dog-fox rasping through the night. It stirred her as nothing had stirred her for years. It struck right down into the heart of her. "The thing is bewitched, or I am mad," she told herself; but the madness lay hold and held her in its spell. She did not desire to be released from it.

She thought that night that she would dream about it, but she did not. She lay in a dreamless sleep and woke late, irritable with the world, conscious of things having gone amiss, all the usual early morning chafings against life. The dainty breakfast on a slim tray irritated her; she dismissed it peevishly.

She wrote to Rod.

I shall miss you. Write to me sometimes, because I shall not forget you. Bon voyage.

She could not bring herself to say more. What does one say to the man one loves? If you cannot say "Come," then it must be "Go." Only be swift about it; end it.

SHE went out shopping, drawing the fur over her street frock; she passed into the sunshine. London in October, rather pleasant; people flocking back from Deauville and Le Touquet and the Lido. You might meet anybody at any street corner. As she walked it was no longer Bond Street, ridiculously narrow, thronged with people who had nothing to do but amuse themselves. It was no longer London. It was green billows of jungle, with rain-sodden boughs above and great rocks clamping the hillside. It was jungle, and she was running side by side with the dog fox, belly to ground, nose out-pointed. She could feel life throbbing like heady wine within her. She wondered if she were going mad. Only with an effort could she banish the illusion, and queerly enough she did not want to banish it. She wanted the mentality of the fox, she wanted the spell that it flung over her.

At home she sat down deliberately on the divan, holding the softness crushed close to her live body, and allowing herself to dream. Permitting the spell to sway her, she was carried along in the full flood of it. She was fox, lying in the warm lair, with the red powdery earth close to her, the warmth of it, close imminence of his body, the moist muzzle of dog-fox licking her in tender consolation for some small wound that she had suffered. She had been caught in a trap but had managed to wrench herself free again, but her paw was hurt.

Turning to the fur against her breast, she felt the paw, and with her sensitive fingers could trace the tiny lump where the teeth of the trap had bitten. Curious! It she told anybody that this was happening to her they would think that she was mad, but she wasn't mad. She was sane.

On Saturday Rod would sail away. Later she would marry Keith, he had weighted the balance with the fox fur, and they would go to Paris for their honeymoon. They would drive under the Arc de Triomphe, in the Champs Elysées; she would shop at Cartier and Molyneux. How people would envy her!

Under those shallow thoughts she was conscious of profundities, as though her imagination were a river, chuckling gaily, yet under it all the time depths of water, of thought that almost hurt. The dog-fox was licking her wounds with pity in his savage, furtive eyes, and she loved him. She rolled over and over in ecstasy before him, nuzzling him, whining to him. They played together, scudding over the hills in the blue wash of the moon, playing like children play, children smudged in and out of the ebon shadows, made more brilliant by the sharp whiteness of the stars. Silver and white . . . silver fox . . .

"You are quiet," said Keith one evening, "Why?"

"I feel queer."

"I thought you were different ever since I gave you that fox. I wondered if there was something about it you did not like? You wanted it?"

BY STANELLI

"Only three rounds of cocktails! These people are actually living within their means!"

"I loved it," she said with a little catch in her throat. Because she did love it, she had never loved any other possession so much. It was rapture.

Saturday was a murky day, threads of black rain blotting out the park. She sat in her room and fingered the fur lightly, letting herself float along in its memories.

Hours of anguish, hours of despair. The old dog-fox late in his return, not returning at all. Herself twitching, wits sharpened by fear, watching for him . . . ears pricked forward alert for sound. Going out to seek him, into the jungle desperately still with night; her long-drawn howl piercing in upon the silence, sending frightened rabbits scuttling for shelter. A bird wing brushing the leaves . . . no other answer.

Routing along, nose to ground, with the savage smell of earth, of dew, of dead leaves, and at last striking the trail. A faint trail, leading her onwards to stronger scent pungent against lush grasses, coming across him suddenly in a little valley dipped in between two suddenly rising hills. Quite dead! His limpness lying against the ground with his leg held fast in the teeth of a cruel trap, his head shrunk with pain, and the sick knowledge in her that he must have been dead for some hours.

Whimpering a little, licking him, knowing that it was useless, yet hoping. Hoping so hard. Lying there beside him, realising that life without him was emptiness, it never could be anything again, she did not desire it like that.

Watching the grey dawn break, and whimpering again, quivering closer, watching the flies settle, yet making no attempt to get away despite the sick-gnawing fear within her. At last the tramp of human feet, the trapper approaching in the amber light of the new day to attend to his traps. Still lying, starkly afraid but determined. Feeling harsh hands on her silkiness, turning mutely despairing eyes towards the mangled body that had been her love. Pain . . . swift, stabbing pain, a click, something snapping into sharpness . . . no more . . .

THE darkness of Saturday night held the Port of London in a deep pool. Judith thought the tender would never reach the ship as she sat there, her hands in her lap, her body leaning forward over the water. By now Keith would have got her letter. By now . . . She unloosened the fur because she was hot with anguish, not only the anguish of fear that she would not be in time, but the anguish of horror that her love might be dead, might not want her, stark in his trap like the mate had lain.

Mating is elemental. It cannot be bought. It has no price, no make-weight, she knew that now.

They were alongside. As she scrambled for a place on the gangway, the fur, unloosened, slipped. It fell from about her shoulders with a hollow sound, there was the splash of water, a plume of spray shot upwards . . . it had gone.

"Oh!" she gasped, horrified.

"That marvellous fur," said a woman who had sat next to her and who had admired its lustrous beauty, "I do hope that it was insured?"

As if one could ever insure such loveliness!

Rod was standing on deck. She went to him, and in her eyes was a brave soul no longer drowning. She had forgotten to rouge her lips carefully, and they were pale as dead lips, but that did not matter now; it would not matter any more.

"Lovely of you coming to see me off," said Rod, and his hands gripped hers warmly. But all the while his eyes seared down into her soul, hungry eyes, the eyes of the dog-fox. . .

"See you off?" She raised her eyebrows in surprise. "I'm coming with you," she whispered before she fainted.

URSULA BLOOM.

A CHICAGO man on holiday in France was shot at by a bandit. It must have made him feel quite at home.

"THE real engagement stone is a diamond," says a writer. The marriage stone is, of course, the grindstone.

OLD LADY: I won't keep that parrot you sold me! He swears far too much.

Shopman: Still, madam, he either swears or drinks!

WE'D like to be one of those happy-go-lucky men, but every time we try it we get happy-go-broke.

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

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MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MOUNTAINS and MONKEYS

By Ralph Straus

A WEEK ago Kangchenjunga meant nothing to me. For all I knew to the contrary, it might have been a religious ceremony, a boxer who was about to be matched against Carnera, or a new patent food. To-day, although I still find considerable difficulty in pronouncing the word, Kangchenjunga to me stands for strange and wonderful adventures, dangers sufficient to make the blood run icily cold, and thrills such as even Edgar Wallace at his best could never conceive. Which all sounds, I admit, a little curious; but I have just read Mr. F. S. Smythe's book *The Kangchenjunga Adventure* (Gollancz, 16*s*.), and for the first time in my life understood a little of the excitements of mountaineering.

TO many people, I know, the attempt to climb a mountain, even if nobody has ever succeeded in climbing it before, is the silliest business. What, they ask, is the good of it? Why not risk your life in some less uncomfortable way? And if you must have glorious views, well, will not the aeroplane provide them? But to others there is a thrill in reaching a spot hitherto untouched by man which cannot be put into words, and, after reading Mr. Smythe's account of the cosmopolitan expedition which attempted to scale the second highest mountain in all the world, I am inclined to sympathise with their point of view. I feel very strongly now that Kangchenjunga *ought* to be climbed. I do not see how this is going to be done at the moment, nor, indeed, does Mr. Smythe, but somebody will have to do it, and his first step will undoubtedly be a very close study of Mr. Smythe's engrossing book.

HE and his friends started out from Darjeeling. They met the oddest people. They pitched their camps in the loneliest spots. And when they had climbed quite as high as man was meant to climb without altering the shape of his lungs, they found an ice-wall rather nearer to the perpendicular than the leaning tower of Pisa. They attacked that ice-wall, and the ice-wall took its revenge. There came avalanches which very nearly blotted out the whole expedition. There came escapes such as the novelists would hesitate to invent. The expedition failed and yet was a glorious success.

NOW there are great adventures which can lose much of their excitement in the telling. Fortunately Mr. Smythe makes the best of his story. His book is delightfully written, and in spite of the dangers he rarely failed to see the fun of things. And reading his book, it is almost as though you had attempted to get the better of Kangchenjunga in his company. Moreover, his photographs are about the best things of their kind that I remember to have seen. Such books as this are not, I know, to everybody's taste, but I cannot think that anybody will be able to take up *The Kangchenjunga Adventure* without wishing to read on to the last page.

I PASS from the sublime to something like the ridiculous. *His Monkey Wife; or Married to a Chimp* (Davies: 7*s*. 6*d*.), is the title of a first novel written by Mr. John Collier. It sounds like a rather far-fetched joke. Perhaps it is.

Nepali dwarfs at Kangbachen, showing the woman carrying her baby on her back. The above is one of the many illustrations in "The Kangchenjunga Adventure," by F. S. Smythe (Gollancz, 16s.) which describes exciting experiences during an attempt to reach the summit of the second monarch of the Himalayas

I admit there are passages in this singular book which could have been considerably improved, but it is undeniably entertaining, not least so when Mr. Collier's pen is being most fantastic. It is satire of an hilarious kind. And it is written with more than a touch of the grand manner. But—*married*, you ask, to a chimpanzee? Yes, just that, though I hasten to add that the clergyman officiating made a slight, though pardonable, mistake, and quite properly refused to unmarry the happy pair.

EMILY, you see, is no ordinary chimpanzee. She cannot speak, but she studies hard (being in love with her master), and has the prettiest taste in clothes. And when Mr. Fatigay leaves Africa for England and (as he hopes) a bride in the person of the not very adorable Amy, Emily accompanies him, and soon shows the stuff she is made of. Very naturally she finds our police marvellous. And the attendants at the British Museum Reading Room can hardly be blamed for not recognising her non-human status. Also, of course, when she is turned away into the cold world by her master, who still pines for his horrible Amy, there is nothing odd in the fact of her making a great success on the music-hall stage. And she is such a human sort of chimp that we (not having set eyes on her ourselves) can easily forgive Mr. Fatigay his final preference.

Raphael

MISS MOLLIE POOLE

Whose first book, dealing with her experiences in Mongolia and amongst the gangsters of Chicago, will be published shortly. She recently concluded a world tour which she made completely alone

THERE is another *Strange Marriage* (Bles: 7*s*. 6*d*.) in Miss Syrett's new novel. She remains faithful to those queer old Victorian days when the young things really did not know so very much more than they were supposed to know. Jenny married in the 'nineties—the naughty 'nineties, I mean, not when she was a nonagenarian—and found that she had married a dear, nice saint of a fellow who, however, could not face all his responsibilities. So there came a lover, a child, and forgiveness, and the husband changed into a jolly sheik, and so all was well. The younger generation will be amused at the mild little naughtinesses of the past; but they will also be entertained by Miss Syrett's skilfully drawn pictures of those grandmotherly days.

I MUST add a word about a detective story which gave me a great deal of innocent pleasure to read. *The Second Shot* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s*. 6*d*.) is by Anthony Berkeley, who not only knows how to tell a very good story, but is seriously concerned about the detective story of the future. He is of the opinion that most people will speedily tire of the usual puzzle, when most of the characters are types, and you can never quite believe in what they do. His new book does contain as pretty a puzzle as you are likely to find, but there is more in it than mere sleuthing. There is, for instance, Mr. Pinkerton's gradual change from a self-satisfied nincompoop to—well, something quite different. There is also a murder—or is it an accident?—or suicide?—and on several occasions you will be fairly sure that you have guessed the secret, and find that you very decidedly have not.

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PARIS

CHRISTMAS WITH THE PUBLISHERS

Cuddly Dolls for Christmas

FATHERS and mothers have children to cuddle, so children must have dolls, and Deans dolls are very cuddlesome. For sweet dreams let me recommend for little ones a Husheen doll, the most silky and confiding looking of all dolls (3s.). For more wideawake hours there is endless variety. A Tail Wagger, whose tail really does wag (5s. 6d.); "Wuff," a beautiful model of a Sealyham, all complete with shaggy hair (3s. 9d.); and another doggy favourite is "Thirsty," who is certainly the only known dog of his breed. He is all in brown, with a large bow under his chin and a long tongue lolling out of his mouth to emphasise his name (3s.). There are many others, but the most wonderful of all is Mickey Mouse, as realistic as in his films, with his roving eye, tip-tilted nose, and flashing teeth—and his Minnie Mouse, his inseparable companion in naughtiness. Mickey and Minnie together can be bought for 6s. 6d., or separately at prices ranging from 2s. 6d.

Christmas Cards

TUCKS sent us a wonderful selection of Christmas cards and calendars. As well as seasonal wintry scenes, complete with snow, bleak trees, warm red berries, and fires, there are cards to suit everybody. Gardens, flowers, big ships, coaches and horses. Some tiny novelty gramophone records, which will be popular, for they sing, play, and talk. The charming coloured views of Kew Gardens will be treasured by our friends overseas, while few could resist the humorous postcards of Cute Kiddies by Beatrice Malet. Hills and Co. also sent us some of their calendars, including the Everyday calendar, a special feature of which is a monthly calendar shown at the bottom of each engagement sheet (1s. 6d.), while C. W. Faulkner and Co. have published some delightful novelties, Christmas cards, and calendars, including "Great Thoughts," a daily tear-off block calendar with carefully selected quotations for every day, which will prove very acceptable gifts.

"A BAD LIE"

The above is one of the many illustrations, some in colour, which appear in "The Book of Adventure and Sport." It is published by Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.

Diaries

THAT magic word engagements. For engagements one intends to keep, engagements one doesn't intend to keep, for vague engagements, and for the most important engagements in the world, Letts diaries are the best. They suit every pocket, every use, and they are made in every size conceivable. The business man's diary contains a useful map of the Underground Railway System of London, and other special diaries include the Poultry-keeper's diary, Boy Scouts, Gardeners, Schoolgirls and Schoolboys, all of which are tastefully produced and are sold at reasonable prices.

More Christmas Books

OF all my Christmas presents when I was young I liked best my books—and very, very best my Annual, because, like a Christmas pudding, there was always a bit of everything in it. It intrigued me. After a coloured picture in front there would be, perhaps, a fairy tale, then poetry with delicate illustrations, a school story, and always some puzzles. And this year the Annuals are better than ever.

THERE is the Aircraft Annual, to encourage children to become air-minded, I suppose, with articles and stories by Sir Alan Cobham, Lindbergh, and Mr. F. Handley-Page (Collins, 5s.). From the same publishers, and at the same price, is "The Sports Annual." Boy Scouts, Cubs, and Brownies are not forgotten, for there is a Boy Scouts Annual, with pictures of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and "B. P." inspecting Scouts in various parts of the world. Cubs and Brownies also have an annual all to themselves, with stories and delightful coloured illustrations.

IN "Jack and Jill" Annual is a story of a lion who was awakened by a soft pricking on his nose. What wakened the lion? A little mouse running across his nose, and—but the story of how the mouse was saved is still in the "Jack and Jill" Annual, also published by Collins.

Raphael Tuck have published "The Book of Adventure and Sport," which will prove to be a general favourite, including as it does an article entitled "The Prince of Wales as a Scout," by Lord Baden Powell.

"The Mastery of the Air," by William Claxton, has a coloured frontispiece taken from the painting, "The Attack," by Capt. C. E. Turner (Blackie, 3s. 6d.).

LAST week we recommended Mr. Cecil Beaton's "Book of Beauty" as a Christmas present, and said the price was two guineas, but actually it costs three guineas, though there is an ordinary edition at 25s.

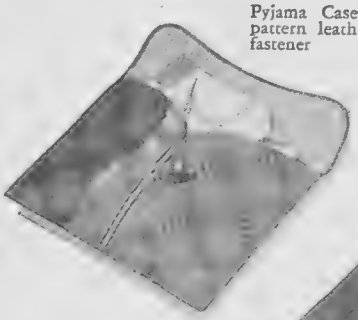
ROYAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

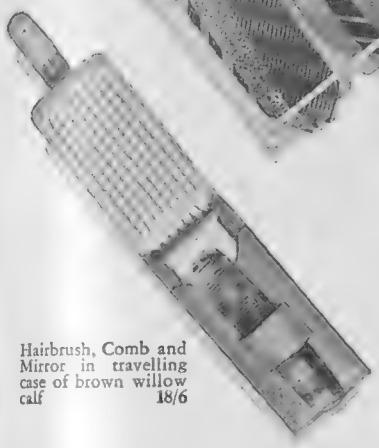
On the left is the Christmas card chosen by the Duke and Duchess of York, "The Good Old Days," from the painting by Gilbert Wright, and on the right is His Majesty's card, "The Sailing of the 'Loyal London' from Deptford," by Bernard Gribble. All the Royal Christmas cards have again been printed by Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.

Summit Woven Lustre Shirts, with two collars to match 10/6—18/6

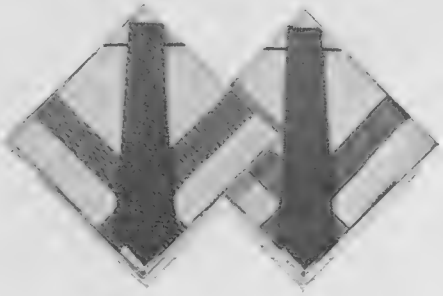
Hanging Tie Case in best quality pigskin. Folds up for travelling 25/- Ties from 2/6—6/6

Pyjama Case in radio pattern leather, zipper fastener 15/6





Hairbrush, Comb and Mirror in travelling case of brown willow calf 18/6

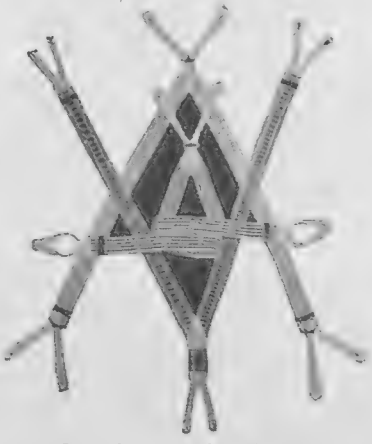


Silk Ties and Handkerchiefs to match in box 10/6

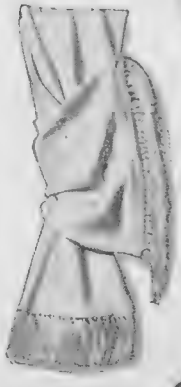
Tan Cape Gloves, lined chamois 10/6
Tan Cape Gloves, lined lamb's wool 16/6

Golf Stockings 10/6 to 15/6

Pure Cashmere Mufflers 16/6 to 21/-



Braces in many styles, 2/6—12/6



White Silk Mufflers 25/6 and 30/-

Dress Socks, Silk, with initials 8/6

Christmas Presents for Men

at

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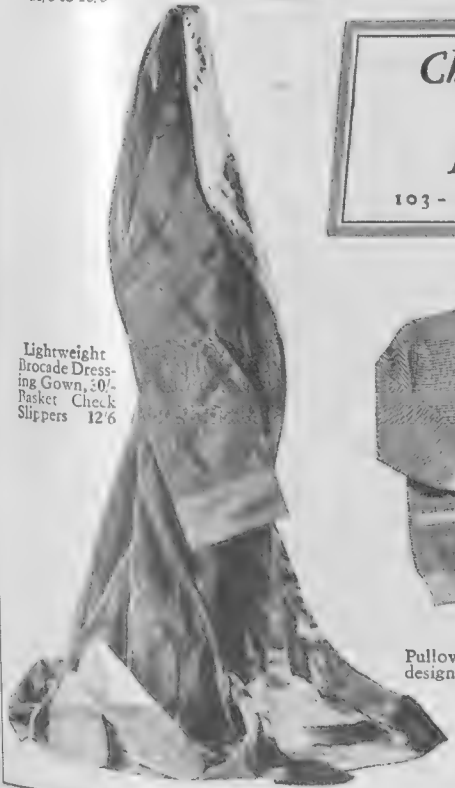

Lightweight Brocade Dressing Gown, 50/- Basket Check Slippers 12/6

Pullovers, all wool, in new designs 25/6 to 63/-

Leather Golfjac, Zipper fastener 63/-

Brocade Silk Dressing Gowns in magnificent colours 63/- and 84/-

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By Their Cars Ye Shall Know Them

The Maharajah Rana Bahadur of Jhalawar at Brooklands. He is seen at the wheel of a Super Seven Triumph "Gnat" which he tested at Brooklands recently

By E. M. Wright

A FRIEND of mine, who owns a car nearly as big as his new villa in the suburbs, was recently the victim of an astonishingly well organised burglary. When his house had been left empty for three quarters of an hour one of the family, returning earlier than expected, found the whole place ransacked from top to bottom. The birds of prey had obviously been disturbed, for they had taken very little; but all valuables—from silver to suits of clothes—were neatly stacked in heaps ready for "boxing and crating," so to speak. From disjointed fragments of evidence obtainable from neighbours it appears that there must have been at least five people engaged in the raid, of whom three "worked" the house while two remained on the watch in front with a car. In fact, these two evidently held in conversation a builder's attendant who was standing by next door to show people over a house.

THE point of most interest to the average householder who may be wondering when it will be his turn for a visitation of this kind, is how thieves came to pick upon that particular house, which was quite inconspicuous amongst its neighbours. For most of us could truthfully say, with the Biblical character, "Silver and gold have I none"—or none that is worth all the organisation and risk of raiding a house in broad daylight. The moral in this tale seems to be that if one's taste runs to large motor carriages of much more imposing appearance than one's neighbours', it is better not to make too much of a show with them. Certainly attracting attention has its drawbacks, for there are always people ambitious for fresh fields to conquer. If they are not burglars they may be Income Tax Inspectors!

100 M.P.H.

TALKING of large motor carriages, I have just done 100 miles an hour. I hasten to add that it was on a deserted trunk road and that I was not the driver. The car was the new 8-litre Bentley in the capable hands of its designer, Captain W. O. Bentley. In overall size and design this amazing vehicle is much the same as the 6½-litre, but the engine is still more efficient, which, with its larger capacity, gives considerably greater reserve of power. It is not intended to be a racing, or even a sports, car, but just to give comfortable high speed touring, so 75 m.p.h. is a nice cruising speed. At 90 m.p.h. there is no more fuss than with the average good quality "Six" at 60. At the same time this Bentley crawls along at 10 m.p.h. in top gear if required. The compression ratio is only 5.3 to 1, which is extremely moderate. The top gear ratio is 3.5 to 1. A dual ignition system is fitted with two synchronised plugs per cylinder. I am interested to see that these are K.L.G.s, and that the two carburetters are of S.U. make. The engine, of course, is a six-cylinder, not an eight. It is rather remarkable that neither Rolls-Royce nor Bentley have yet found anything to beat the six. This remarkable car is available in two wheel bases, viz., 12ft. and 13ft., and the chassis price in each case is £1,850 at the works.

ON the particular car under test the body—which is not standard, but was specially built for Captain Bentley to his own ideas—interested me intensely. I have long had a secret affection for the sliding type of window, but I feared openly to avow it, as this form of window, I am told, is not popular with the public; but I find I am in good company, for this is the kind that Captain Bentley has chosen for the rear as well as the front compartment. It can be fitted so easily in doors of all shapes and weights, and it enables the door to be kept much thinner and lighter than when a drop window is fitted. Ventilation can be arranged to suit any conditions and there is always a slight circulation of air owing to the necessary clearance between each pair of glasses. This body is little bigger internally than that of the Riley Nine, which, as everyone should know, is all that can be desired for four or even five people.

IN SUNNY SPAIN

A Humber "Snipe" in one of the palm-lined streets in Alicante, Spain

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The Best Car in the World

". . . . Whilst writing I would like to say how pleased I have been with this car. I have had 20,000 miles of unadulterated pleasure. Previously I have owned a matter of twenty or thirty cars, but have never experienced the success which I am obtaining with this car.

Wishing you every success of such an excellent job and workmanship."
Owner-Driver's letter, ref. 2025

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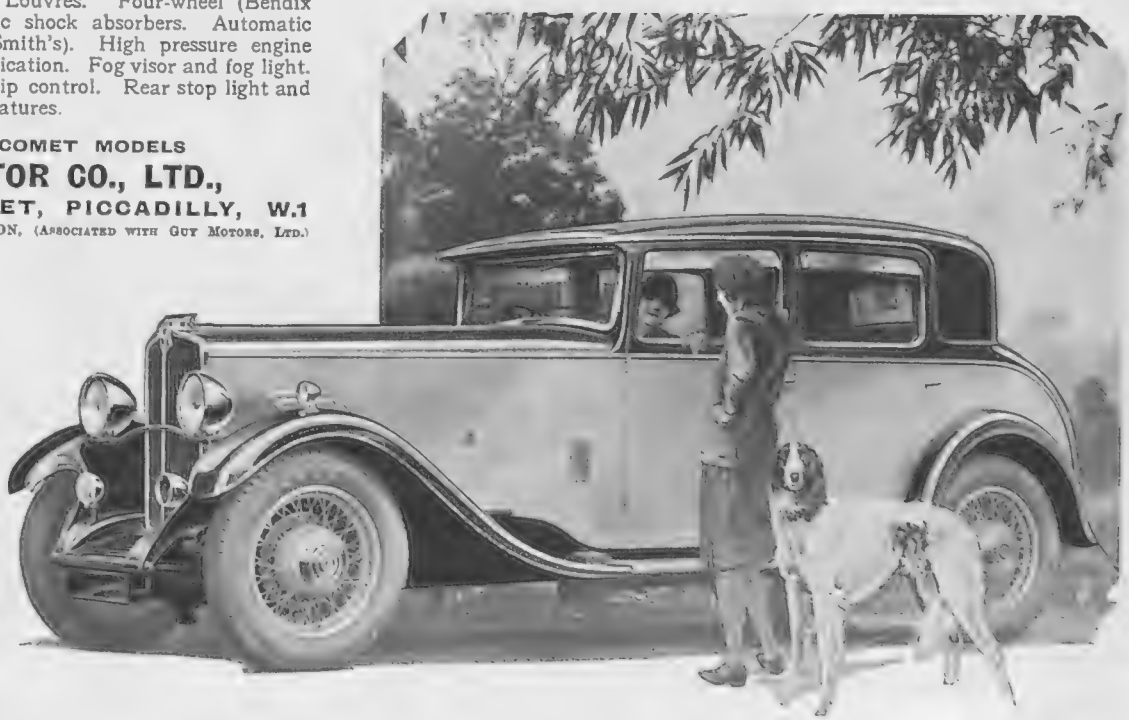

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DOGS

CATS and DOGS — By Lady Kitty Ritson

THIS dreadful weather makes it very difficult for dogs, especially if one has not got a large amount of accommodation in the way of kenneling, etc. Let nobody believe that the civilised dog does not feel the wet and cold, because he does, particularly if he is allowed to remain wet. It is asking for rheumatism and kindred troubles if you let a wet dog lie in its kennel making the straw damp and then expect him to sleep on the same straw.

At the same time it is rather tiresome to bring a wet dog into the house, thus covering the carpets and floors with mud. I have found that old newspapers are excellent for removing the first wet and mud and for saving the rubbers with which you dry them. Old sacks are also very good for the purpose, but newspaper is the best.

IF you turn the dog into a kennel to get dry, do be humane and give him a good rub down first of all and remove the straw from the bench, or better still, in the morning, remove the fresh good straw and just leave some older, more broken stuff which will serve the purpose of a bed in which to roll and which can be removed in the evening again. An old horse-rack which you can obtain for a few shillings, will do admirably. Nail it on the kennel wall and toss the straw into it every morning, and you will rest happy, feeling that your dog is sleeping dry and warm.

Sport and General

FRAE O'ER THE BORDER

Garry o' Ben Nevis and Duncan o' the Chelt, two prize winning Scotties at the Cheltenham and Gloucestershire Canine Society's Open and Members' Dog Show at Pittville Park, Cheltenham. They are the property of Mr. E. G. Built-Leonard

SHOULD your dog be a town dog, say terrier or smaller, and you have no garden, buy a basket (a linen basket will do), and after you have rubbed off the first mud shut him up in it with a good allowance of straw. He will clean himself marvellously, and in this case you need not change the straw very often as he will not be sleeping there. When you let him out train him to go straight to his "bed" and stay there. I like those beds that are made by Goddard, Borough High Street, best of all. They are clean and fold out of the way, and keep the dog out of all draughts.

I HEARD a really charming story this week. Two Alsatian bitches were very fond of a cat. One day the cat elected to have kittens in a large basket at the head of the stairs. Up ran the Alsatians, squeaking with excitement, and laid themselves down near the cat, who purred happily. As each kitten was born the bitches licked it clean. The male Alsatian hearing the excitement tip-toed up the stairs (he generally blundered up like a tornado), gave one look at the group, and then at his mistress, saying quite plainly, "This is no place for a man," and tip-toed down again. Shortly after the cat got up, stretched herself, and went out, leaving the Alsatians to look after the kittens. This is a true story, and I know the owner of both cat and dogs.

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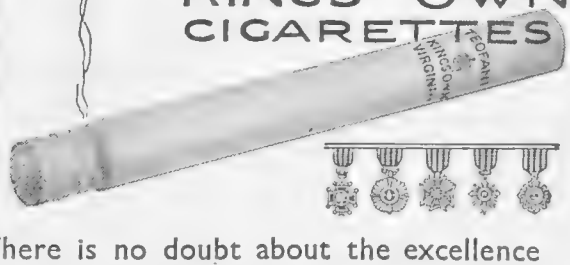

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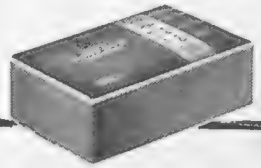

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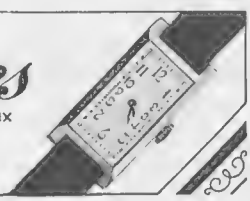

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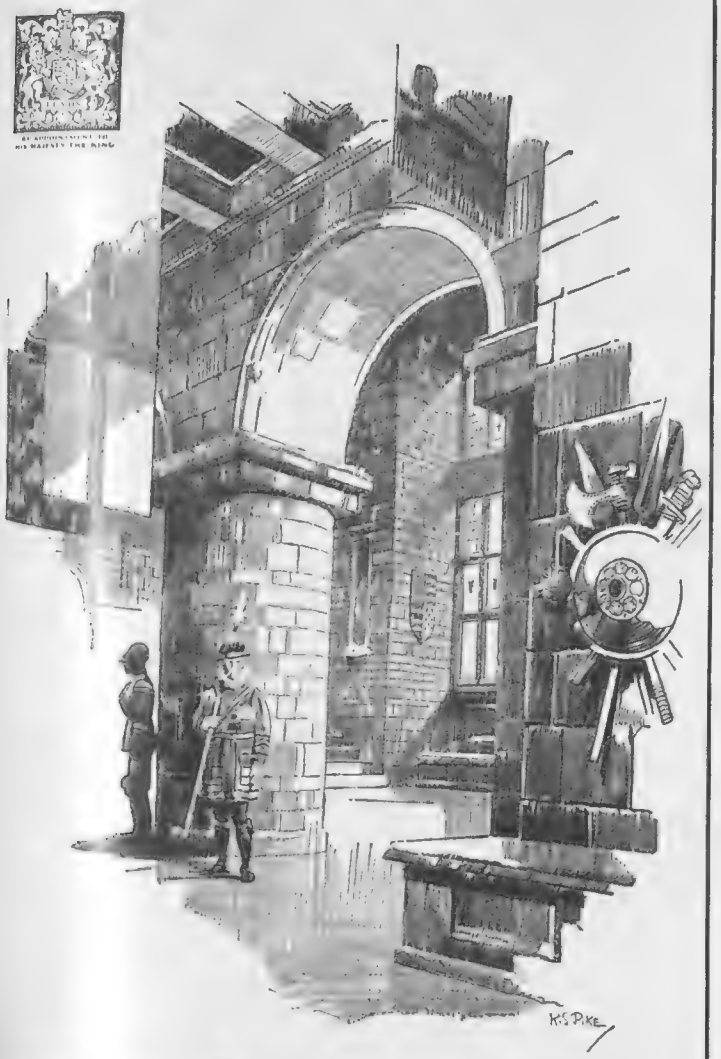
"Piper"

Established 1785



Tradition . . .

Tradition is a justification for pride. Therefore great is our pride in Castrol, for its traditions are long and honourable. The first Atlantic flights by aeroplane and airship . . . the fastest oil on land and water . . . the Royal Warrant of Appointment.

Traditional supremacy is the heritage of Castrol. Produced by Britons, acclaimed by all, a leader unchallenged—

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QUALITY is the Best Policy

C.C. WAKEFIELD & Co., Ltd., *All-British* Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, E.C.2

Not an everyday gift yet a gift for every day

A Tecla necklace will wear as long as the woman who wears it. Tecla necklaces bought a quarter of a century ago are still worn and cherished by their owners. Thus you may give her this Christmas an ornament that will be a talisman of Christmas sentiment for a score or more Christmases to come.

Tecla Pearl Necklaces are priced from £2 2s. Tecla's latest triumph is Tecla jewellery. Here in the loveliest form are the loveliest stones in fitting settings, and yet, such is the art of the Tecla craftsmen, that though they are copies they are themselves works of surpassing beauty.

Tecla

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THE LITERARY SHOW (continued from page 552)

hundred years back, the ordinary novel of to-day is incomparably better both in construction and literary style. Among these century-old three-deckers I have been especially attracted to *Ada Reis: A Tale*, published by John Murray in 1823. It is one of the stupidest novels ever written. I was drawn to it by its dedication—"To Lydia White." Before I tell you why, let me illustrate the crudity of the story itself. The hero is a preposterous person whose superhuman feats of derring-do would not beguile the most unsophisticated schoolboy to-day. Much of the action takes place in Tripoli and the writer — none other than Lady Caroline Lamb—who had never been there, quotes in an appendix immense chunks of descriptive matter from Tully's *Tripoli* as her authority for the numerous bits of miscellaneous information with which her narrative is interlarded, thus:

"You are not an Arab sheik (17)," said Ada Reis, looking steadfastly at him, "the arms you bear, your belted girdle (18), and that dark heiram, cannot disguise you from me; you are a Jew, the Jew I am in search of. By the Prophet, you are Kabkarra!" "Sayest thou so," retorted the stranger, and laughed.

"Just keeps rolling along while the best-sellers flourish and decay and are forgotten"

ONE can hear that laugh only in memory. In would be of the "ha! ha!" variety whose last echoes died with the Surreyside melodrama. The numerals in the text direct the reader's attention to the notes at the end of the novel. They must have been a patient lot of readers a hundred years ago. Lady Caroline Lamb, among the most eminent of the literary ladies of her time, is best remembered as one of what Félix Rabbe calls *Les Maîtresses Authentiques de Lord Byron* in his piquant book of that title, wherein Lady Caroline figures prominently. It would not appear that her relations with Byron improved any literary ability she may have had, as her novel is about as crude an effort in fiction as I have sampled.

CONCERNING the dedication of *Ada Reis*, many years ago Dr. Robertson Nicoll wrote an essay entitled, "Who was Lydia White?" and suggested that anyone who had not heard of Lydia was imperfectly acquainted with English literature. I have always deprecated these arbitrary "test questions." It is quite possible to have an extensive knowledge of English literature with only the vaguest notion as to who Lydia White may have been.

MISS LYDIA WHITE has certainly her place in the social side of our literary history. If she was not in herself capable of any distinctive achievement, her numerous friendships with the *literati* of the early years of last century will at least preserve her name for those interested in such matters. Possibly some American, after reading this, may hurry over to London to write her biography! No figure of English literary life, past or present, seems too insignificant for an American biography to-day.

A DISCOVERY for which I am grateful to my club library is my introduction to Bulwer Lytton as an essayist. His entire works fill one of the shelves. Although I seldom find myself inclined to re-read any of his novels with which I am familiar or to make a beginning upon any of those I have not read, I find his miscellaneous writings, such as *Caxtoniana*, very engaging. They exhale an agreeable personality, differing astonishingly from that which some of his biographers would have us accept.

J. A. H.

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

GRAPE FRUIT À L'AMÉRICAINE.

FILETS DE SOLE À LA NORMANDE.

PERDREAUX AUX CHOUX.
POMMES FRITES—SALADE À LA FRANÇAISE.

CRÈME D'ANANAS.

SARDINES MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Filets de Sole à la Normande

SKIN and fillet two medium-sized soles, and brush the side which had the skin on over with beaten egg, then spread on a thin layer of finely chopped shrimps. Sprinkle on these salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice. Roll each fillet up and tie with a piece of fine string. Put the bones of the fish in a pan with a stick of celery, some parsley, and onion cut up. Add enough cold water to just cover the bones and a dessertspoonful of vinegar, salt and pepper. Let all simmer gently for half an hour, skimming well. Then strain off the liquid. Twenty minutes before they are required put the rolls of fish in a buttered pan, pour in enough of the fishstock to just cover them, and let them simmer gently for twelve minutes. Then take out the string, arrange them on a hot dish, and pour over some good shrimp sauce, made from the fish stock. Sprinkle a little finely chopped parsley on the top of each roll.

Perdreaux aux Choux

BROWN a brace of partridges in a stewpan in clarified butter, add a piece of bacon cut into small dice, a little chopped onion, two cloves, two carrots chopped small, a bay leaf, and some good stock: place these with the birds in a casserole dish in the oven, and cook gently for one and a half hours. Strain the gravy before serving.

Crème d'Ananas

TAKE a whole pine-apple, trim it, cut it in half, then cut one half into dice, and pound the other half very fine in a mortar, and pass through a sieve. Dissolve about 1 oz. of gelatine in a gill of water or pineapple syrup, add a ¼ lb. of castor sugar, and when nearly cold strain into half a pint of thick cream, add the purée of pineapple and the dice and whip all together. When nearly cold pour into a mould and set on ice.

Sardines Maître d'Hôtel

TAKE six sardines, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one thin slice of onion pounded fine, one tablespoonful of Chili vinegar, half a pint of melted butter, and a round of toast; scrape the sardines, arrange them neatly on toast, and pour the above sauce over them, adding a squeeze of lemon juice and cayenne to it.

M. A. LOTTI

The son of M. A. Lotti, the proprietor of the famous Hôtel Lotti in Paris. He owns an aeroplane and frequently flies to his father's villa

BIG GAME HUNTER: Why the deuce didn't you shoot? That rhino nearly got me.

His Wife: But, George, you told me this was an elephant gun!

ABOUT the only way to get motorists to look at scenery is to have it painted on the sign boards.

"HAVE you a gar age?"

"I don't know. My wife has just gone down to get the car out."

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT WITH A FUTURE!

So many things, given at Christmas, are old before Big Ben signals the arrival of the New Year. There is one gift that will give enduring happiness—a gramophone bearing upon its nameplate the famous trade mark 'Decca.' Behind the name 'Decca' is the success of pioneers. First in the field with a portable gramophone—the most popular type to-day—Decca have been to the fore at every stage of gramophone development. The instrument you give—or buy for your own pleasure—will provide you with gramophone music at its best next Christmas, the Christmas after . . . for many years. How far ahead is Decca design you can readily prove—by a side-by-side test—at your dealer's.

SALON DECCA

...re are Salon Decca Porta-...from £2.19.6 to £5.5.0, ...ating Decca Rallyat 52/6 ... Cabinet models from ...12.0 to £24.0.0.

HEAR DECCA RECORDS

Write to-day for illustrated art booklets, describing the full range of portable and cabinet models to 'Decca' (Dept. 72) 1-3, Brixton Road, S.W.9.

Kill the deadly germs of disease in your mouth!

End sore throat and colds with this safe and pleasant antiseptic

PRICES :
3 oz. Bottle 1/6
7 oz. „ 3/-
14 oz. „ 5/6
Obtainable at all Chemists.

Your mouth is literally alive with disease-producing germs—millions of them. Attack them and you attack disease.

Don't place your faith in harsh, unpleasant - to - taste, tissue - wrecking germicides when you can kill germs in 15 seconds with Listerine Antiseptic. Pleasant. Mild. Safe.

Use it every day as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine Antiseptic is an outgrowth of Lord Lister's search for a safe, yet power... antiseptic. For nearly fi... years it has been prescrib... by leading physicians all o... the world, it has been used ... clinics and hospitals, and ... furthermore endorsed by "T... Lancet," the leading medi... publication.

Write for our helpful f... book on personal hygiene ... S. Maw, Son & Sons, Lt... 7-12, Aldersgate Street, E.C... Distributors for Great Brit... and Ireland.

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Try also LISTERINE TOOTHPASTE —it cleans with amazing speed. Price per Tube 1/3

"Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 second... —The Lance...

CHARITIES TO SUPPORT THIS CHRISTMASTIDE

Hope Alone Can Save

Hope is a great boon, yet life for many is almost without it. Often one reads of an out-of-work man dead by his own hand—because there seems no hope of work. It is the influence of the Church Army that brings renewed hope to those human derelicts who, either through no fault of their own or by deliberate intention, have become what they are. This work is of an evangelistic order, and it operates throughout the world. Hundreds of evangelists and sisters of the Church Army, working under the direct guidance of the clergy, go out into the world to face overwhelming odds on behalf of the homeless, the needy, the criminal, and the sick. All through the year this work of solace continues, never slackening, and at Christmastide it is even more of an anxious and busy task. The Church Army will again this year distribute hundreds of Christmas parcels to the poorest of the poor; it will organise Christmas dinner parties throughout the country, and its invitation will extend to countless men, women and children who otherwise might face a bare table. The parcels of food will each cost 10s., while £5 will provide for ten families; the Christmas dinners will cost the Church Army more money, yet it is already making preparations, feeling sure that its work will be recognised by a sympathetic and understanding public. Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., will gladly acknowledge gifts in money sent to 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

Miss Smallwood's Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances

This Society is an active agency through which help is rendered to over 200 poor ladies, some very old, others sick and lonely. We like to give each lady an extra gift at Christmas, and also to feel that six months of their rent is promised to them so they may feel safe for that period. Readers can also help the Society by gifts of money, by leaving a legacy, or by holding sales of work, concerts, etc., or by sending for a box, on approval, of beautiful plain and fancy needlework done by the poor ladies. Handkerchief marking is also a speciality. Please make cheques payable to Miss Smallwood's Society.

The Sailor's Christmas

At this time most of us are contemplating the good things of Christmas. But how many stop to think of the men who face considerable hardship and peril to bring, not only Christmas fare, but the bulk of our every-day food, across the seas? Sailors, we know, are bluff, hearty fellows, yet they have a home in some port where loved ones anxiously await their homecoming. Is it not sorrowful to know that in thousands of homes children will wait in vain for their sailor daddies while the men themselves will be longing to be by their own home firesides? That is where the British Sailors' Society steps into the breach. Its Homes and Rests, which provide all the-year-round hospitality in a hundred world ports, enable the sea-weary mariner to spend Christmas in congenial surroundings; its port missionaries and chaplains extend an eager welcome to the men who, landing on a strange quay, will—unless guided—be enticed by the riff-raff and evil-minded to follow the easy path. Special Christmas fare will be provided in the Homes, whilst many a seaman's widow and orphans will benefit by the Society's Christmas plans. Lighthouse keepers and lightship crews, also, will share. The Homes and Rests of the British Sailors' Society total a hundred and ten, and, during 1929, 1,463,952 sailors took advantage of the facilities offered; 48,175 free meals and 27,244 free beds were provided, and gospel meetings were held. The figures for 1930 are not yet completed, but a considerable increase in the foregoing figures is expected. This Society, which for 114 years has been making steady progress, and which, by reason of its expansion, is ever in need of support, needs your generous gifts this Christmas, so that its magnificent and self-sacrificing work may continue.

The Call of the Children

Long before Christmas in Dr. Barnardo's Homes preparations are going ahead to make it a really happy time for every child under their care, and they want each one of these children, little and big, to have a surprise, the gift that delights a child's heart. This year there are 8,291 Barnardo children looking forward to Christmas, and in addition to Christmas cheer there is the big problem of making provision throughout the winter. Warm clothing is needed, and the supply shelves at Headquarters are depleted. They need to be filled with warm garments, blankets, woolies. In past years generous friends have sent most welcome consignments, and the Homes look with confidence for further gifts this year. Letters and parcels should be addressed:—Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 450, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Parcels should contain name and address of sender for acknowledgment of safe receipt. Cheques and orders should be made payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Christmas Appeal," and crossed, "Barclays Bank, Ltd., a/c Dr. Barnardo's Homes."

The soft light of "Nell Gwynn" Candles creates the Christmas atmosphere round the dining table.

Christmas Time is "Nell Gwynn" Candle Time

At Christmas, "Nell Gwynn" Candles create just that desired atmosphere of hospitality. In themselves, they form a lovely adornment to the dining table, but light them and then see how beautiful is "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight — soft, mellow and alluring. When your guests forgather, note how, by candlelight, the older ones look young again, how too, the beauty of youth is enhanced. Here is warmth, conviviality, romance. Everyone is at ease. Talk flows wittily and without restraint.

A Most Welcome Christmas Gift

The gift of "Nell Gwynn" Candles brings the cheerful warmth of colour to gloomy winter rooms. "Nell Gwynn" Candles bring permanent delight; their colours are solid dyed, not surface tinted. The smallest size costs 9d. a box of 2 candles; now there is a new Gift Box, containing 4 × 14" Candles and 4 Candlesticks to match, costing only 5/=.

Decorative Value of "Nell Gwynn" Candles

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are an essential ornament to any room; displayed on the mantelpiece, on the side-board and the table, they give the final touch to the scheme of decoration. They are made in many sizes and 36 different shades.

For further information, please write for a delightful free booklet with coloured illustrations called "Lights of Other Days," J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. "A," London, S.E.1. Established 1642, in the reign of Charles I.

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Best Loved of Christmas Gifts

Face Powder, 1/9

Lavender in Crystal Bottle and Case, 6/9, 11/6, 21/-, 39/6, 70/-

English Complexion Cream, 3/-

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Bath Salts, 2/6
In Jars, 5/-, 7/6, 10/6

Lavender Soap—'The Luxury Soap of the World'—Box of three tablets, 2/6. Bath size, box of three tablets, 5/-. Guest size, box of six tablets, 2/6

In all the world you will find no other gift more sure of appreciation.

Alike for gay youth and gracious age, the clean fresh fragrance of the lovable Yardley Lavender is exquisite and has been cherished for generations.

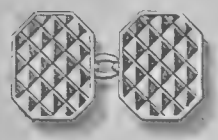
This Christmas Give Lavender, the Lovable Fragrance.

Sprinkler Top bottles from 2/6 *to* 16/6
Fancy Stoppered bottles from 6/9 *to* 70/-
GIFT CASES in great variety from 2/6 *to* 18/9

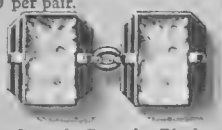
YARDLEY 8 New Bond Street LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT
JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS
TO H.M. THE KING

Gifts



18 ct. Gold and Platinum Links.
£5 15 0 per pair.

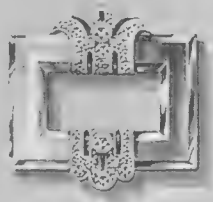


Carved Crystal, Black Onyx, 18 ct. Gold Links.
£10 0 0 per pair.

Diamond, Rose Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. Gold Flexible Bracelet.
£85 0 0

All Platinum Case, set Fine Diamonds (Brilliants).
£30 0 0

Platinum and Sapphire Bead Albert.
£9 10 0



Crystal, Diamond, Rose Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. Gold Clip Brooch.
£25 0 0

An illustrated brochure of Gift Suggestions in Gem Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Silver and Regent Plate, sent upon request.

Diamond and Platinum Hat Brooch.
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£29 10 0 per pair.

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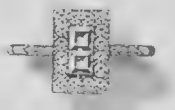

Diamond and Platinum Ring.
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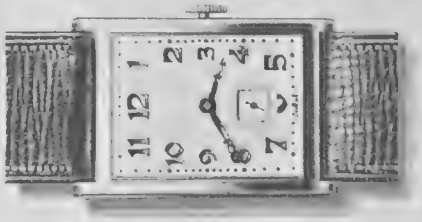

9 ct. Gold	£9	10 0
18 ct. Gold	13	10 0
Silver	5	10 0

Mother-o'-Pearl, Pearl, Platinum and 18 ct. Gold Links.
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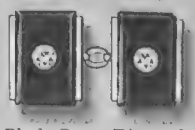
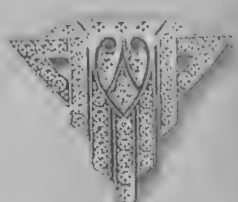


Black Onyx, Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. Gold Links.
£17 15 0 per pair.

Aquamarine, Pearl and 15 ct. Gold Flexible Bracelet.
£21 0 0

All Platinum Case, set Fine Diamonds (Brilliants).
£37 10 0

Platinum and 18 ct. Gold Albert.
£5 10 0



Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. Gold Clip Brooch.
£55 0 0

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NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS ANYWHERE

MAINLY FOR MEN

Ford's blotting paper is made in 21 colours, and the blotters may be rich or simple. Their new showrooms at 72, Piccadilly are filled with distinctive gifts

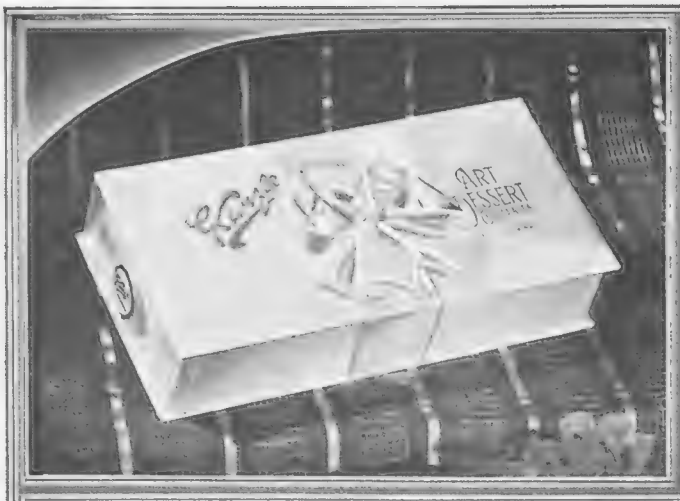
Motorists would value this Llama rug, for it is light and very warm. With the Prinsuede golf jacket it comes from Turnbull and Asser, 71, Jermyn St.

Martell's Cordon Bleu liqueur brandy is not sold by vintage years, but every bottle is guaranteed to have been matured in cask 35 yrs.

State Express 555 Cigarettes compliment the good taste of a smoker. They are packed in presentation caskets and cabinets holding 50 to 1,000 cigarettes

A three- six- or twelve-bottle case of Mackinlay's M.L. or V.O.B. whisky would be a noble gift. Both have the true and mellow Highland flavour

On left in circle. Two Longines watches, contained in protective shagreen and crocodile cases from which they are released by a simple spring movement



THE FESTIVE BOARD

Kunzle's delicious chocolates contribute largely to the enjoyment of young and old alike, and the beautifully decorated boxes are worthy of their wonderful contents

For the discerning smoker: Carreras' new Piccadilly cigarettes in handsome flat fifty boxes, and those old favourites Craven "A" in an attractive coloured velour packing

Crawford's liqueur Scotch whisky, with its new safely vacuum top, always reaches the consumer in exactly the same condition as it left the bonded warehouse

(In circle) Doctor's China tea is a fragrant and refreshing drink which contains no excess of tannin and is absolutely safe even for delicate people

Castillon brandy is a noble Cognac prized by experts for its eloquent bouquet. It is an indispensable adjunct to the Christmas feast

(On left) Mackintosh's popular toffees and chocolates are fittingly packed in artistic silver-plated caskets, silk-topped boxes, and novelty tins

Delightful Christmas Gifts Acceptable and Lasting

Conway Stewart

Pens and Writing Sets

Not only British — but Best

No. 90 Set. Mounted "Conway Stewart" Pen. Price 21/-
No. 2 "Conway" Pencil and Sheffield-made penknife. In colours to match. Other Sets from 7/6 to 25/-.

The "Duro." An oversize pen. Made in 3 sizes.
No. 1 Price 21/-
No. 2 Price 15/-
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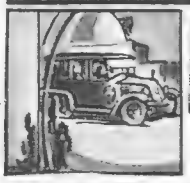
Stocked by all leading Stationers & Stores.

The "Conway Stewart" Pen. Super-Value. Prices from 10/6 to 35/-

Write for Coloured Christmas Folder, Post Free, from the manufacturers:

Conway Stewart

& Co., Ltd.,
75-82, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4.



QUICKLY!

-or you may be too late

The Xmas Number is by far the most sumptuous, the most entertaining that we have ever produced.

Order your copy now.

"THE EMPEROR'S AIDE-DE-CAMP" *by Sir Philip Gibbs*
"LADIES" *by May Edginton*
"THE RED FLAG; IN THE WORKERS' PARADISE" *by F. Britten Austin*
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"TEXAS LOVE" *by Elsie Janis*
"MEI-LING" *by Lady Drummond Hay*
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"PARISIANA" *by H. Pearl Adam*
"THE MURDERER" *by Lennox Kerr*
"WRITING TO LOIS" *by Barbara Hedworth*
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"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY, No. 20: HYPATIA" *described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.*
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BRITANNIA AND EVE

New Style Magazine

BEDROOM FURNITURE

A Finely Figured Walnut Bedroom Suite, comprising 4 ft. 0 in. Wardrobe, fitted shelf, rod and hooks for hanging, mirror inside; 3 ft. 0 in. Chest of Drawers; 3 ft. 6 in. Frameless Bevelled Triple Cheval Dressing Table and 2 Cane-Seat Chairs - £49 : 10 : 0

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DEFERRED TERMS ARE THE BEST OBTAINABLE

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PARIS BUENOS AIRES

An old Chinese incised lacquer cabinet on stand, from Harris and Sons, of New Oxford Street. It was shown in last week's "Bystander" with the doors closed, and they are here thrown open to reveal the drawers, which contain a collection of casts and intaglios. The decoration is in polychrome on a black and gold ground

For Golf Enthusiasts

It is not always easy to find original and useful presents, but golfers are very easily catered for, inasmuch as one has only to present them with a box of North British golf balls to win their lasting gratitude and profound esteem. Obtainable from professionals and sports dealers, they are put up in decorated boxes that hold twelve for 24*s*., six for 12*s*., four for 8*s*., and two for 4*s*.

Smokers' Gifts

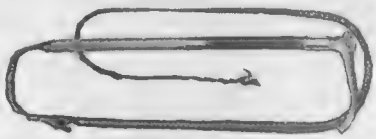
Those who are searching for a Christmas present that cannot fail to be acceptable will appreciate the handsome packings of "Three Castles" cigarettes supplied by W. D. and H. O. Wills. There are oak cabinets which contain 100 cigarettes, and cost 8*s*.; green-decorated tins that hold the same amount for 6*s*. 6*d*.; or similar containers for 50, which are available at 3*s*. 4*d*. For the smoker who likes a hand-made cigarette there are enamelled tins of 100 and 50 of the same brand, which sell at 7*s*. 2*d*. and 3*s*. 8*d*. respectively.

In the Shires

A visit to George Parker and Sons, 17-19, Upper St. Martin's Lane, will suggest any number of hunting requisites which are eminently suitable for Christmas gifts. One speciality which should find great favour is their famous hunting whip of best whalebone with a plaited kangaroo hand part, moderately priced at 63*s*., while for those requiring a good, inexpensive crop, their plaited kangaroo hide crop and thong, with silver mounts, at 35*s*., is wonderful value, or they can supply with plated mounts at 30*s*. Another special bargain is a hunting flask containing a glass bottle with plated bayonet top, which may be acquired for as little as 30*s*., and there is a hunting canteen, with plated sandwich box and glass flask, at 60*s*.

A box of North British golf balls will please followers of the Royal and Ancient game

Three Castles cigarettes make a splendid gift for discriminating smokers



A hunting whip in whalebone with plaited kangaroo hand part from George Parker and Sons

Another of the latest

THE charming Mascot shown here is one of the range of beautiful Car decorations bearing the name 'Red-Ashay.' Modelled in Glass of extraordinary strength, a 'Red-Ashay' mascot gives the finishing touch to any smart car. Most attractive when unlighted, its beauty is greatly enhanced when illuminated. Four separate colours and combinations of these colours can be shown by turning adapter, without dismantling.

COME AND SEE A COMPLETE RANGE AT OUR SHOWROOMS, 40/44, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1, WHERE YOU WILL SEE A DISPLAY SECOND TO NONE IN THE WORLD.

Most suitable Xmas Gift, reasonable, new, attractive and welcome by every lover of beauty.

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ILLUMINATED
MOTOR MASCOTS

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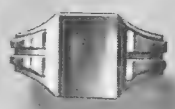

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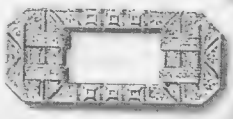

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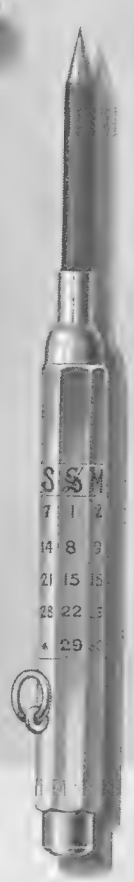

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2643.
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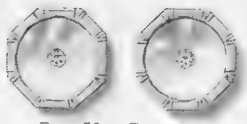

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HELPFUL GIFT SUGGESTIONS

A Tecla pearl necklace, a ring which costs 3 guineas at 7, Old Bond Street, and has a Tecla emerald, ruby, or sapphire set in solid white gold, a Tecla diamond clip, and a brooch of their diamonds, carved rubies and emeralds

Men's sheer linen handkerchiefs, one with a black and white shadowed initial, are available for 35/6 a dozen at Walpole Bros. The striped bordered affair costs 2/6. The ladies' handkerchief with the coloured band is 1/6: the hand-embroidered one costs 2/6; and the third, which may be acquired for 4/11, is edged with real Carrickmacross lace

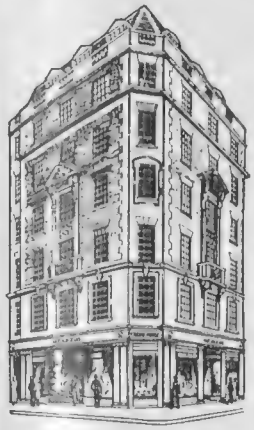
Exquisitely refreshing, Farina Red Crest Eau de Cologne has been supplied to every Royal Court in Europe for over two hundred years. The crystal bottle on the left costs 10/6, and the perfumed soap and vanishing cream are irresistible

A Conway Stewart writing set which costs 15/- and comprises a Dandy pen and a Duro-point pencil

Three useful contributions from Boots. Two hard-wearing Morocco bags, either of which may be secured for 9/11, and a very decorative brass and enamel clock which costs 10/6

(In oval) A charmingly draped brown velour hat is seen in the centre of this page. It comes from Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, and has a cluster of yellow, brown and tangerine quills tucked into the folds at one side

Conway Stewart writing sets are decorative and useful. Entirely British made, they represent the latest improvements in fountain pen manufacture, and are admirable gifts which last for years



Friday House,
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TWO SUPER STORES
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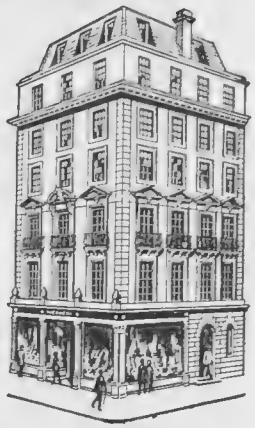
MEN'S XMAS GIFTS
PICCADILLY & CHEAPSIDE

Here you will find probably the best selection of Men's Wear Gifts in London



47–48,
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There are also fine selections of Gifts for Men at all the Meakers Shops

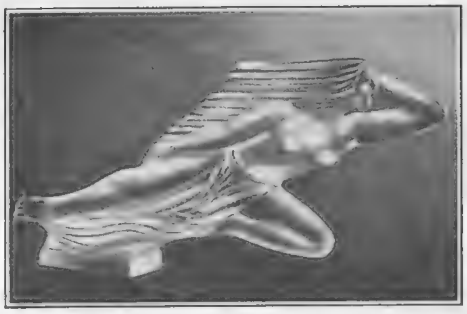
Courtauld's fabrics are ideal for dresses and lingerie, for they are endowed with unique wearing and draping qualities

Beautiful Fabrics

To make dreams come true, give a length of one of Courtaulds' dress and lingerie fabrics as a Christmas present. Special favourites are "Courgette," a lovely full-faced crêpe weave; "Delysia," which is like a fine crêpe de Chine; or "San-Toy" printed fabrics which are obtainable in many self and blended textures. Such a gift would bring lasting delight, as all these fabrics are guaranteed. If any difficulty is experienced in securing them, write to Courtaulds, Ltd., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

Original Mascots

Finding one's car at night after the theatre is robbed of all its difficulty if one has a "Red-Ashay" illuminated motor mascot, which looks equally effective either on the radiator cap or on the scuttle. Made from specially hardened glass, strong as metal, and practically unbreakable, they are exquisitely modelled and very distinctive. Each is illuminated in four separate colours, or combination of these colours, the changes being effected by a simple turn of the lamp-holder. Available from 50*s*., there are more than two dozen original designs from which to make a choice.



One of the charming "Red-Ashay" illuminated motor mascots modelled in very strong glass

Artistic Coiffeurs

A perfect permanent wave, without any discomfort, or any possibility of the hair being made frizzy — this is what is being accomplished every day by the Pamoil Permanent Hair Waving process, whereby straight tresses can be transformed quite inexpensively into large, soft waves at 385, Oxford Street, the actual heating time never exceeding six minutes. The hair can be arranged in any style afterwards, for Pamoil beautifies and really benefits it, leaving it soft and lustrous.

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Genuine French brandy is a liquor with a distinctiveness all its own, and the Cognac district has earned a special reputation for supplying the best possible type. Cognac Adet reveals a flavour that reflects its superb high quality and the painstaking care devoted to every stage of its production.

Miss Dodo Watts, who is appearing in "Almost a Honeymoon," is a regular visitor to the Pamoil salons

The HAPPY WOMAN

is she who knows how best to preserve her good looks. It is not a costly matter. The ravages of winter can be combated by women of even moderate means. Consult me and you will be astonished at the results. A consultation costs nothing. One treatment at **12/6** will convince you that my exclusive method is right.

Meantime send for a trial jar of my

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(**3/6** post free).

A bottle of restorative for hands, neck and face costs **10/6**. It is wonderful.

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Two booklets entitled "Talking through your Hat" and "A Rabbit's Tale," tell all about the making of Fur Felt Hats. Write for copies.

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New Gracia Ideal PATENT Bust Contour and Diaphragm Support

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AT LAST, a new ideal support for the bust *and under-bust.* The new "Gracia" Bust Contour and Diaphragm Support is much more than the ordinary brassiere. It provides absolutely non-slipping, adjustable contoural support for the breasts, combined with support for the diaphragm or under-bust—that part which should provide under-support for the breasts.

Every woman or girl who needs bust-support, especially she who is stout or getting stout, as also her sister who dances or plays golf, will welcome this ideal new support.

The new "Gracia" is made for the (1) slim and (2) the stouter figure. It is also made in 3 qualities, all of strong and beautiful materials.

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To convey your Greetings

Much could be said to express the wishes of friend to friend at Xmas —but you convey a whole volume of greeting in a gift of **M.L.** or **V.O.B.** That is why we say :—

There's no use Talking— TASTE IT !

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Both M.L. and V.O.B. are obtainable in 3, 6, or 12 bottle cases.

CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO.
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GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

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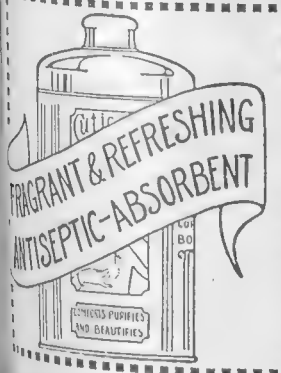

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It is cooling and it is soothing. Pure and delicately medicated, **Cuticura Talcum** is ideal for every member of the family; for Baby after the bath, for Mother as a finishing touch to her toilet, and for Father after shaving.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

For 220 Years the most intimate and pleasing Xmas Gift.

Whoever chooses Farina Red Crest Eau de Cologne as a present for the Christmas follows a time-honoured custom.

There is a subtle attraction about this famous Eau de Cologne which far surpasses that of all other gifts. It is the Eau de Cologne that has been supplied by appointment to every Royal Court in Europe.

Look carefully for the Red Crest which you will find on all bottles and presentation packets.

All good class Chemists and Stores stock Farina Red Crest Eau de Cologne.

The Original & Genuine
Farina Red Crest
Eau de Cologne

FARINA GEGENÜBER

White Bottle and Soap in box.
3/6, 5/6 and 9/6.

Wicker Bottles, 6/9, 12/6, 25/- and 50/-.

An H.M.V. moving-coil loud-speaker in a figured walnut cabinet

Music at Home

No home is complete unless there is music in it, especially in these days when mechanical reproduction so nearly reaches perfection. The picture on this page shows Lauritz Melchior, the great Danish dramatic tenor, enjoying music produced from the "His Master's Voice" moving-coil loud speaker, model No. 4. Invented to enable gramophone music to be heard at any distance from the H.M.V. electrical reproducer, the automatic reproducer, or the radio-gramophone, the quality of the tone is unequalled. It sells at £16, and the cabinet is finished in figured walnut.

For Connoisseurs

Among those who may be said to count as connoisseurs of good whisky, the Antiquary—the first Scotch Liqueur whisky—has won a reputation for its unusual quality and rare charm. Found in the homes of those possessing discriminating palates, it has a mellow flavour which does not neutralise its delightful "punch." It is, in fact, a rare Scotch whisky of great age, and the distillers are J. and W. Hardie, of Edinburgh.

A Sensible Gift

Comfort lovers and invalids would appreciate such a gift as this adjustable table, for, whether one is confined to one's bed or buried deep in a large library chair, it is equally useful. Made with a steel frame, it can be raised or lowered at will, and when not required it folds flat for storing. It costs 21*s.* and comes from Garroulds, 150-162, Edgware Road, W., where there is a host of serviceable and decorative things that are appropriate for the festive season.

A useful bedside table from Garroulds. It can be easily adjusted to any height

Men Only

Manners maketh the man—but his hat portrays him, for it is the most characteristic part of his outdoor appearance. The Battersby fitting plan, based upon a series of fractional measurements to suit both height and build, does away with any possibility of mistake. Stocked by most hatters, at 20*s.*, 25*s.*, and 30*s.*, there is a wide range, each bearing inside the "B" that is your protection against imitators. Write to Battersby and Co., Trafalgar Square, W.C., and ask for illustrated literature and a list of agents.

Antiquary whisky is mellowed by age

Complexion Hints

Winter is here, and with it the biting winds and the hard frosts that are so cruel to the complexion. Just a little care, and all ills can be warded off, for Beetham's Larola, used regularly before going out and as an emollient after exposure, will keep the skin soft and radiant, free from any hint of cracks or dryness. It costs 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* a bottle, and is invaluable to every woman who wants always to look her best.

Mayflowa SHOES

SHOES for TO-MORROW BY THE HOUSE OF ABBOTT

No. 0736 Beautifully marked Python skin—Nightingale shade—Tan Willow Saddle—Leather Cubain Heels 38/-

324, OXFORD ST. (Next to D. H. Evans).
255, OXFORD ST. (Next to Jay's).
82, REGENT ST. (Opposite Piccadilly Hotel).

Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

VICHY-CÉLESTINS *Natural* Mineral Water comes from the world-famous Célestins Spring. It is bottled at the Source, under State Supervision.

Taken at mealtime, Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and *proved* corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders. It gives zest to the appetite, and helps one to enjoy a hearty meal—without fear of digestive derangement. Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

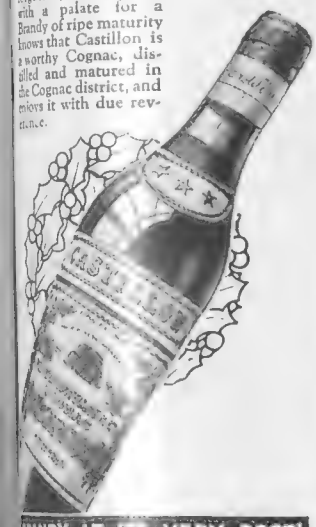
INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1

VICHY ETAT

CASTILLON
COGNAC

When good food and good wine abound, Castillon will never be forgotten, for the man with a palate for a Brandy of ripe maturity knows that Castillon is a worthy Cognac, distilled and matured in the Cognac district, and enjoys it with due reverence.



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C.C. 44

G. P.
Estab. 1851

HANDSOME GIFTS
FOR HUNTING FOLK

Our splendid stock of Hunting Whips, Canteens, Flasks and other accessories affords a wide choice of Xmas presents very acceptable to ladies and gentlemen who hunt.

No. 10—Hunting Whip, gent's, best whalebone, with plaited kangaroo hand-part, two stout silver castle collars, with thong .. 63/-
No. 10a—Hunting Whip, gent's, all best whalebone, plaited kangaroo hide, silver castle mount and thong 63/-
No. 11—Hunting Whip, gent's, whalebone, plaited kangaroo hide, silver mount and thong 50/-
No. 11a—Hunting Whip, gent's, whalebone centre, plaited kangaroo hide, silver mount and thong 50/-
No. 12—Hunting Whip, (*as illus.*), gent's, covered hogskin, with silver mount and thong 35/-
No. 14—Ditto, plaited kangaroo hide with silver mounts and thong 35/-
No. 15—Ditto. Malacca cane, silver castle mounts 30/-

We also supply Ladies' Crops as above at same price.

Plated mounts 5/- each less on all the above crops.

No. 18—Hunting Whip, made specially for hunt servants, best whalebone, plated mounts, white thong 42/-
No. 25—Boys' Crops, gut, leather handle and plated mounts with thong 12/6
No. 26—Ditto. Cane, with white thongs .. .. 7/6 & 5/6
Special Line. No. 27.—Ladies' Crops, gut, leather handle, two silver mounts, handles being made in assorted leathers, viz., Lizard-skin, Crocodile-skin, Kangaroo-hide and Pig-skin. Crop with thongs 17/6

HUNTING CANTEENS, ETC.

Hunting Canteen, chamois-lined, with best plated sandwich box and glass flask with bayonet top 60/-
Sandwich Box in leather case 30/-
Hunting Horn, made in stout copper 18/6
Leather Case, for same 18/6
Wire Cutters, in leather case .. .. complete 21/-
Riding Cane, covered pig-skin, 12/6.....Part covered, 8/6.....Plain, 3/6

Packing and post 1/6 extra.

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ONLY ADDRESS : (SADDLERS) LIMITED.

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The happy days

Watch your children during the growing period. Those who are not fully enjoying their "happy days" should have a cup of Benger's Food between meals and just before bedtime. This extra nourishment has nurtured thousands of weakly ones into robust men and women.

BENGER'S Food
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Sold in tins, 1/4, 2/3, etc.
Descriptive Booklet post free
BENGER'S FOOD, LTD.,
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247b

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"....I did **not** have 'flu last year and put it down to Formamint. When I hear others have colds I take Formamint at once."
Miss R.B.—W.

FORMAMINT
WULFING BRAND
protects you against Influenza, Diphtheria and other infectious diseases.
At all Chemists, 2/6 per bottle.
...ston Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire

206

Save time and trouble this Xmas

use
Chivers' Olde English Mincemeat

CHIVERS & SONS LTD. The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

Give
COLOURED HANDLE TEA KNIVES
—but be sure they are

In a range of colours from 11/6. From usual shops.

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If any difficulty please send retailer's name to :
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FOR FASHIONABLE FUR COATS
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When replying to advertisements please mention
"THE BYSTANDER"
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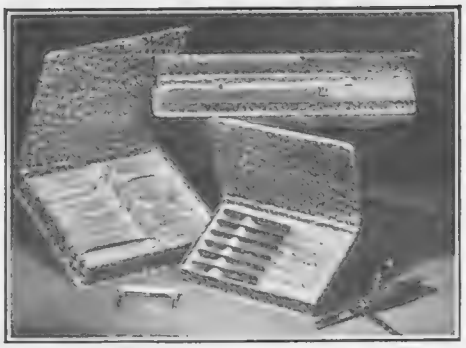


Tea knives, a bread saw, and fish eaters, with attractively coloured handles. Also two penknives, which, with the other cutlery, are made by Joseph Rodgers

Colour in the Home

In accordance with the vogue for colour in the home, Joseph Rodgers, the famous Sheffield cutlers, have a most interesting display of novel Christmas gifts. Illustrated here are their tea knives, bread knife, and fish eaters. Of stainless steel, with lasting edges, they would make an ideal yet inexpensive Christmas gift, for they are sold in gaily coloured boxes to match the handles. Rodgers' penknives, known to almost all men, range in price from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 13*s.* 6*d.*

The "Mosco," an absolutely waterproof coat, very smartly tailored by Moss Bros.

For Outdoor Folk

Those who are keen on hunting and country pursuits would eagerly welcome a practical gift such as the "Mosco" mackintosh illustrated on this page. Very smartly cut, with a full skirt and two useful pockets, it is guaranteed to be absolutely waterproof, and in a light weight it costs only £3 at Moss Bros., 20, King Street, London, W.C. The heavyweight model is priced at £3 15*s.*, and the belt is extra.

Novopine sparkling bath tablets magically banish fatigue and induce a feeling of perfect health

To Banish Fatigue

Everybody knows the feeling of weariness that comes with the ending of the day's work. Just one little Novopine tablet in the bath, or a small piece in the hand basin, and all fatigue is banished, for these sparkling tonic pine bath tablets keep you healthy, fresh and gay—ready alike for work and play. Cartons with six tablets cost 2*s.*, and large boxes containing three cartons are 6*s.*

A Pedigree Whisky

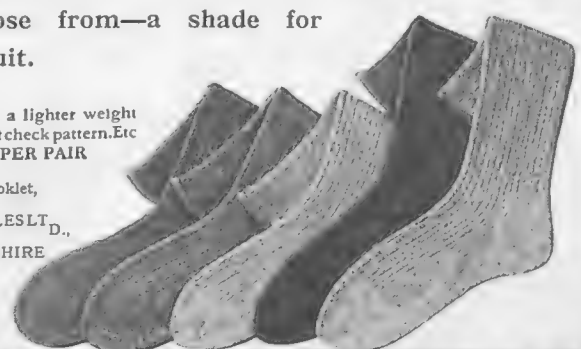
An old-fashioned bottle, with a silk ribbon and wax seal—and inside a whisky of handsome pedigree. "Vat 69" has been blended by Wm. Sanderson and Son, Ltd., since 1863, and there is about it all the good points of independent production. If there is a friend to whom you wish to pay a particular honour, or give particular pleasure, send him a Christmas case of "Vat 69." There are threes, sixes and dozens, very ingeniously packed in solid wooden cases. Good-class wine merchants and Italian warehousemen everywhere can supply them.

"Vat 69" Scotch whisky appeals to connoisseurs and proves conclusively that Quality does Tell

Two Steeples No. 83 Socks

Two Steeples No. 83 Socks look good and feel good, yet the greatest evidence of their goodness is in their wear. For only then does the material—St. Wolstan Wool, the highest grade pure botany—fully reveal its quality.

No. 83 Socks are made in a ribbed style eminently suited for men's wear, and there are over thirty handsome ingrain shades to choose from—a shade for every suit.



Also No. 72, a lighter weight No. 30—Neat check pattern. Etc
4/6 PER PAIR
Write for descriptive booklet, Dept. 5, TWO STEEPLES LTD., WIGSTON, LEICESTERSHIRE

Like MAGIC HANDS *made* YOUTHFUL

It is so easy now. Overnight THINC Hand Creme gives you the soft, finely textured hands of a debutante. Created specifically for hands. Not an ordinary cold cream, lotion or vanishing cream. A trial tells the story. You will hardly believe your eyes.

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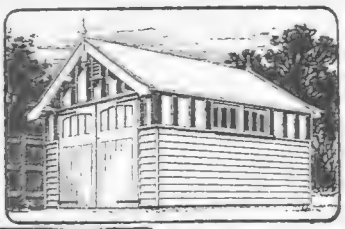

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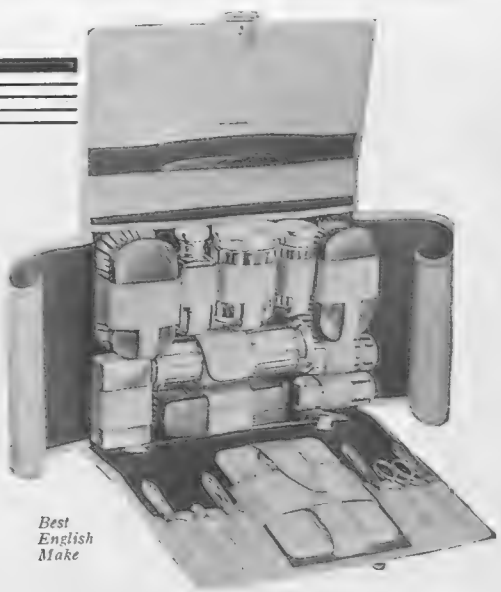

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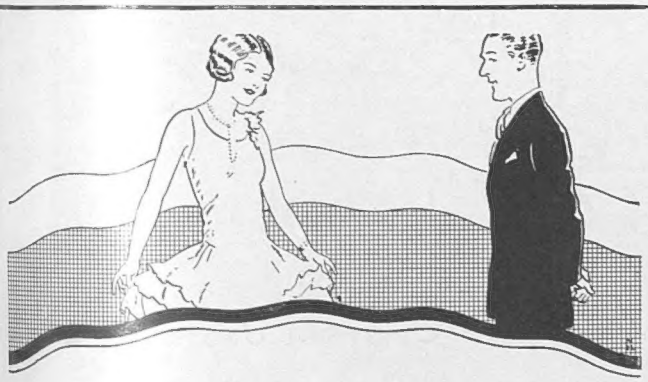

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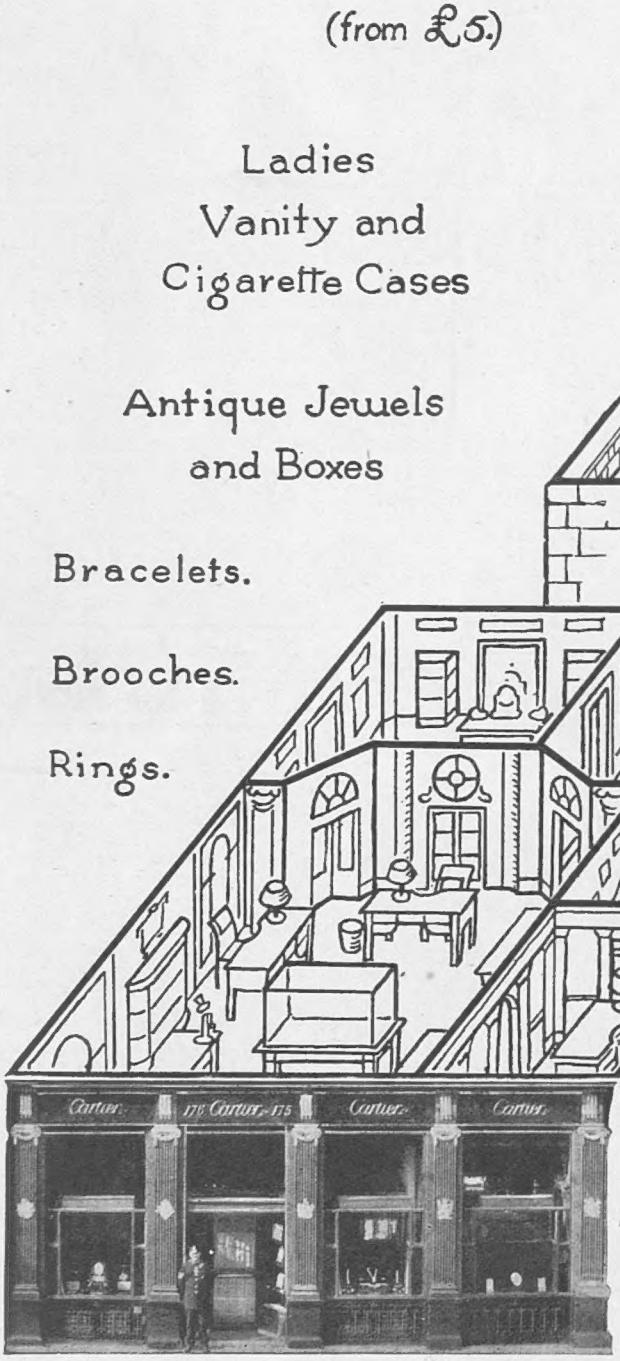

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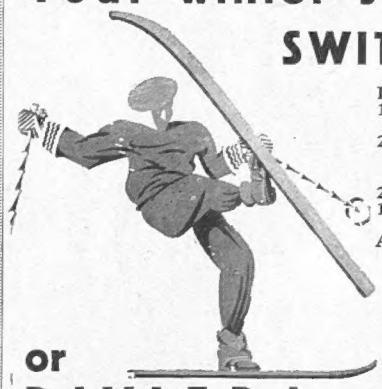

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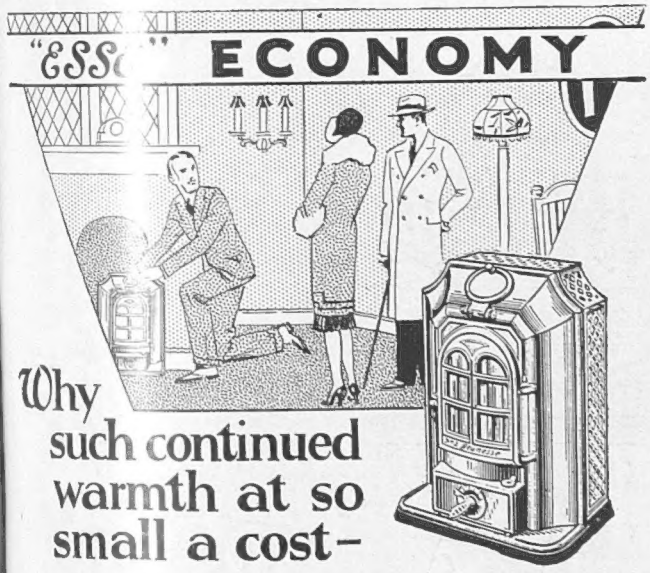

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